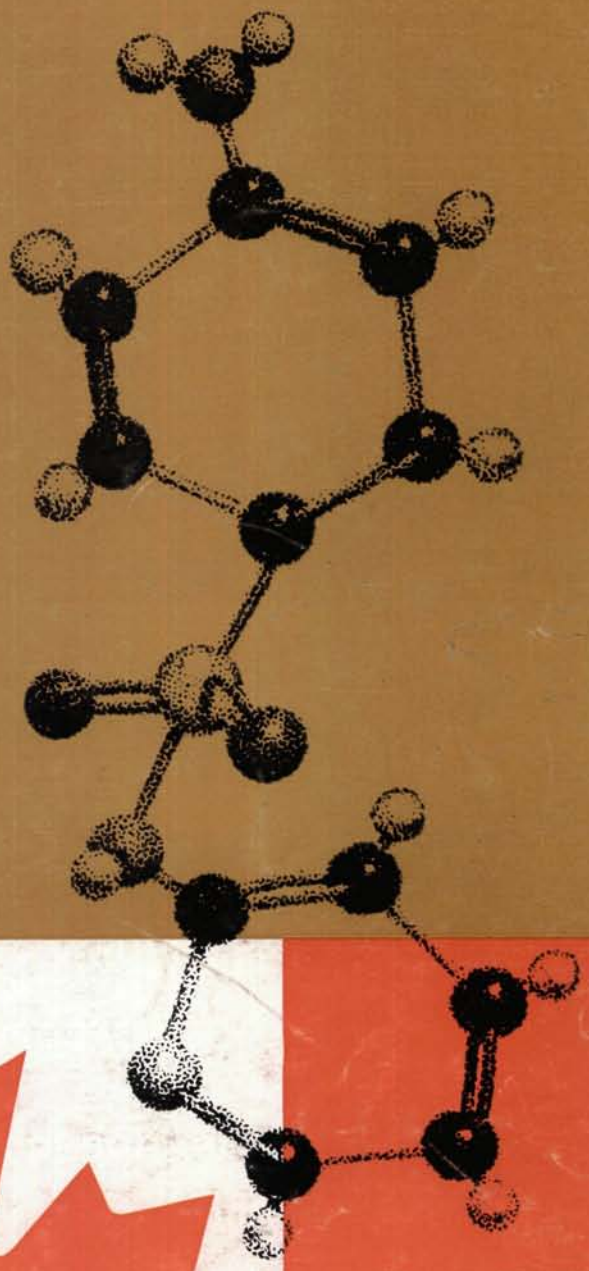
Saturday Review

September 2, 1967 35¢



CANADA'S UNAPPRECIATED ROLE AS SCIENTIFIC INNOVATOR

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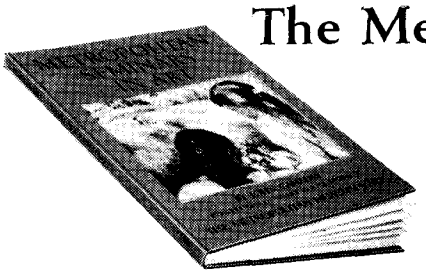
Are you one of many who admire the Mona Lisa for the wrong reasons?

PERHAPS, like so many people, you attribute the Mona Lisa's greatness to her enigmatic expression—to the fact that she "begins to smile," if looked at long enough. Or perhaps you are intrigued because her eyes seem to "follow you around the room" through some technique known only to Leonardo. Both of these common reactions are discussed in the very first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art as prime examples of the superficial fashion in which most people look at paintings. As the portfolio points out, anyone who admires a painting solely because of its technical competence or the appeal of its subject matter is probably missing all that the artist is really trying to convey. A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have this blind spot when they stand before a famous work of art.

It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted self-education* in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and particularly its unique method of learning *by comparison among great paintings.*

MONA LISA BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, THE LOUVRE MUSEUM, PARIS



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Each year a group of highly trained, experienced, well-paid executives are sent back to school. Why? Because their companies believe that they will come back to work even better trained —and because the school they go to is Harvard Business.

There, for 13 weeks, men from all walks of business encounter the famous Harvard Business School case method of study, live in common quarters and share common experiences in decision making, investment, marketing, labor relations, and law. They get a short history of business and if at first some of the "students" are not enchanted with the idea of looking back to ancient Constantinople for tips, they soon learn the uses of the past. They learn (more) about computers, something of the businessman's place in world affairs, and they experience —if they haven't already—the stimulation of business simulation games.

Not all is work. The Advanced Management Program includes time for advanced goofing off. There are facilities for sports, for entertainment, and the Charles moves along slowly, encouraging river-side walkers to do the same. But the day to day engagement is the real work-out for these men, as they run a waffle iron firm, compare the business techniques of Cosimo de 'Medici and Henry Ford, or discuss the success of the various Playboy enterprises.

If you can't get away this year, or if the $3,000 tuition would come at a bad time, read *Pattern for Success*, a recreation of the program by Walter Wingo and the editors of *Nation's Business* magazine. There, in narrative form together with selected case studies, you can, for $5, go back to school, too.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Pattern for Success ($5.00), by Walter Wingo and the editors of *Nation's Business*, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York 10583.

Saturday Review

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CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Titian, goldsmiths' work in silver-gilt and translucent enamel, medieval sculpture and stained glass in precious colors, Renaissance angels, Persian miniatures, tapestries in wool and silk, Victorian Christmas illustrations, American primitives, prints by Dürer and Rembrandt, and a festive variety of designs from Japan, India, Spain and ancient Greece. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, with 25 cents, for the catalogue — which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed $2

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The literary expression of man's dreams of a perfect society goes back at least five thousand years — to the Gilgamesh epic of ancient Sumer. Since then, utopias have been projected and utopias have been analyzed, but never before has anyone specifically examined the role science was to play in them. The scientific thread was slim in the early dreams, but very suddenly, just 100 years after Thomas More's *Utopia*, utopians saw science as their key. Concentrating on the great flowering of scientific utopianism in Bacon's century, Mrs. Eurich carries her story from the Greeks and Sumerians to Orwell and Huxley, and provides a fascinating view of the ways people used the science of their day to construct a perfect future.

SCIENCE IN UTOPIA
A Mighty Design
By Nell Eurich

$7.95 at bookstores
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Traveling for a living is no way to live.

It's been said that traveling is a broadening experience.

What hasn't been said is that traveling is just as likely to flatten you as it is to broaden you.

There's no way of telling how many ulcers have been helped along by the endless lines at ticket desks and rent a car counters.

Or how many colds began as a result of getting caught in the rain without a raincoat.

Or how many cases of indigestion could have been avoided simply by knowing which restaurants to avoid.

Or how many headaches stemmed from discovering that whoever named the Grand Imperial Crown Hotel was given to overstatement.

The exact numbers aren't really important anyway. Except maybe to the American Medical Association.

What is important, is that a lot of people are having a lot of difficulty traveling. And as fellow people, we'd like to help a little.

So from now on when you come up to a Hertz counter in any large city, don't feel hesitant about asking for something besides a car.

If you're a stranger in any one of America's 28 largest cities, we'll give you the world's most complete guide on how to survive in that city. It not only tells you where to eat and sleep, it also tells you where to get your hair cut, pawn your watch, have a night on the town, and even where to find an all night drugstore.

If you know where you're going, but haven't the vaguest idea of how to get there, we'll give you a map of the area and diagram it to make it absolutely clear.

If you run short of money and have a Hertz charge card, we'll give you $10 cash on your IOU and tack it on to your rental.

If you know you're going to be late getting to your hotel, we'll phone ahead and tell them you're coming and not to give up on you.

If it's raining and you left your raincoat home because the weatherman said it was going to be sunny, we'll give you a raincoat.

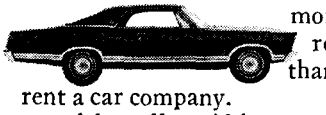
If you're running to catch a plane, we won't make you stand in line to check in your car. If you're charging it, all you have to do is stuff your keys inside your rental envelope, write your mileage on the back, drop it on the counter and take off.

If you're going on vacation, we'll give you tour maps that describe the most interesting places to see and the most interesting things to do along the way.

And if you have a problem, but it's not one of those we mentioned, we'll do our best to solve that too.

Now all this doesn't mean that we've forsaken the rent a car business to become a traveler's aid society.

First and foremost, our job is still to rent you a Ford or some other good car that won't add to your problems. And we still have more cars to rent and more places to rent them at than any other rent a car company.



After all, we'd be some big help if we gave you maps and raincoats and loans and didn't give you what you came to us for in the first place.

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We can help a little.

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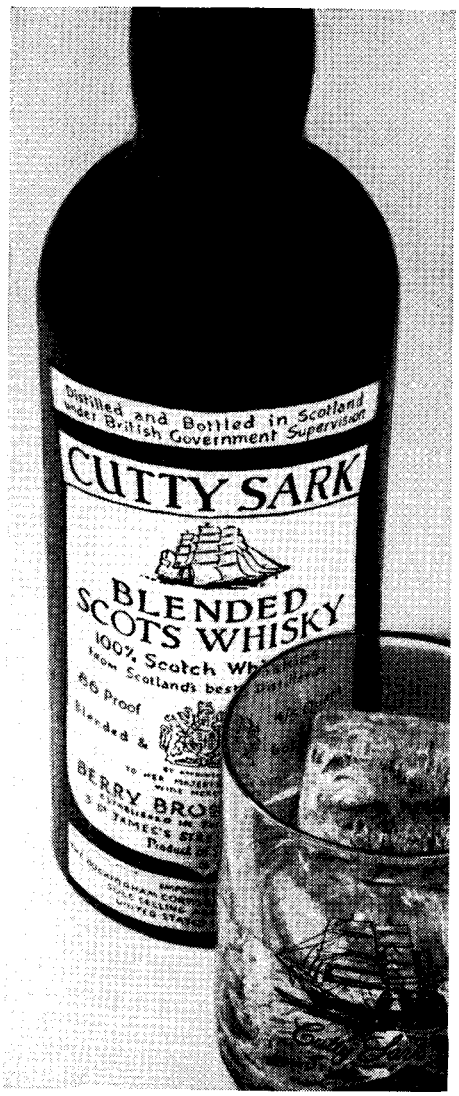
America's No 1 selling Scotch



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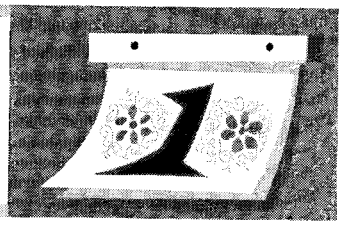

IF YOU haven't yet made plans to go to Expo 67, take our word, as an ex-expert, and go. Particularly between now and the last three weeks, when it will undoubtedly be jammed.

In contrast to New York's late, unlamented fiasco-po, Montreal's is a genuine World's Fair, and commercialism is kept to a minimum. It is pretty—the surrounding St. Lawrence vistas are beautiful—it is well run, it is reasonably clean, and, above all, even if you don't go near the amusement area—which is only average—it is fun. The "mini-rails" alone, for example, are worth the trip. They're 20 feet or more above the crowds—which is, we've always said, the best height for mini-skirts.

The man whose concept it all was and who, in a country where there is more land than people, was laughed at for creating more real estate—in other words, making man-made islands—is M. Jean Drapeau, the mayor of Montreal, and he may very possibly be Canada's next Prime Minister.

The success of it all has, in fact, made Canadians very un-Canadian. "Self-deprecation, you know," Reeves Haggan of the Centennial Commission told us, "is the root of the Canadian character. Now, with Expo, we've become like Texans." Clyde Batten, also of the Commission, described the recent Dominion Day. "Even in Ottawa," he said, "people went berserk. They stopped cars, got into other people's cars, kissed pretty girls—all sorts of things. Expo has brought out the kook in Canadians. We didn't even know there *was* kook in Canadians."

One thing was certain. The week we were there, other kooks were on their way. There was a 3,500-mile canoe race to the fair, two kids were driving their pony-cart from Needham, Massachusetts, to the fair, a man from western Canada was roller-skating to the fair, a man from Toronto was wheelchairing to the fair, and a man from Quebec was walking backward to the fair. All in all, we felt like a heel for just *flying* there.

• • •

One tip we have for you. You should buy, at a Montreal hotel or downtown newsstand—it is not available at the fair—a guidebook called *Expo Inside Out*. (You can also get it by mailing $1 to *Omniscope* magazine, P.O. 176, Westmount, Quebec.) This is a highly critical, but extremely informative and generally accurate, unauthorized booklet put out by two Montreal professors, Sean Kelly and Ronald Wareham. And they tell you, in no uncertain terms, how to get the most out of your visit. Here are some examples: "Best Pavilion: Czechoslovakia. Worst Pavilion: Quebec Industries. Best Insect: Butterflies in Madagascar. Worst Insect: Dead Bees in 'Man the Provider.' Sexiest Exhibit: Father of the Year in 'Man the Provider.' Least Sexy: Birth Control Machine in 'Man in the Community.' Best Girl Watching: Le Village. Worst Girl Watching: International Scout Center. Best Book: *Catalogue to Sculpture*. Worst Book: Official Expo Guide."

Another tip we offer you is to see every Canadian exhibit—in fact, our favorite sleeper was the Canadian Indian Pavilion. Here is a pavilion which the Canadian Indians have used wisely and well to get across, in moving and touching signs, some messages you won't soon forget. Some examples:

> An Indian child begins school by learning a foreign language. The White Man's school is an alien land for an Indian child.
>
> When the White Man came we welcomed him with love. We sheltered him, fed him, and led him through the wilderness. He could not have lived without us.
>
> The early missionaries thought we were pagans. They imposed on us their stories of God. But we spoke with God—the Great Spirit—in our own way.

• • •

There are 1,200 films at the fair. And many, particularly those at *Labyrinth* and Czechoslovakia, break new ground in film-making. Our own favorite for pure enjoyment was Walt Disney's *Canada*, at the exhibit of the Bell Telephone Companies of Canada. People stand in line for hours for this 360-degree movie-in-the-round, and then they stand, not sit, to see it—and still they love it.

Of the major pavilions, we liked best, next to Czechoslovakia's, Great Britain's. But Czechoslovakia's is in a class by itself. One exhibit alone was breathtaking. Beside it there is a small sign. TWO HUMBLE MEN FROM THE COUNTRY, the sign says, SPENT 40 YEARS WORKING ON THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OBJECT THEY COULD FOR CHILDREN. Mounted on a

(*Continued on page* 57)

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Norman Rothschild in Popular Photography:
"...in Anscochrome D/50...a new brightness and clarity shines forth. The new Anscochrome D/50 has clean, unstained blacks... with Anscochrome D/200...get both snap and rich color... As with the other Anscochromes, color rendition is very good...".

Michael Edelson in U. S. Camera:
"Anscochrome...has a mellow quality all its own... flesh tones, in particular, come off so well and flattering that this emulsion would be my first choice when photographing any female...".

Ed Scully in Modern Photography:
"...you can really savor the accomplishment of GAF's new, ASA 500 speed Anscochrome....For the hobbyist... this is his first chance to shoot color at exposure indexes faster than all but the fastest black-and-white films... this new film is a delightful surprise...."

This is an ad for Anscochrome Film. The experts wrote it.

These quotes are only a small sample of the rave notices that we've been receiving month after month for Anscochrome® color slide film—Anscochrome in speeds of 50, 100, 200, and 500. It's the best you can buy..

We're so proud of Anscochrome film that we've established the Anscochrome Red Box Film Club. When you've tried three rolls of Anscochrome film we'll give you the fourth roll free.

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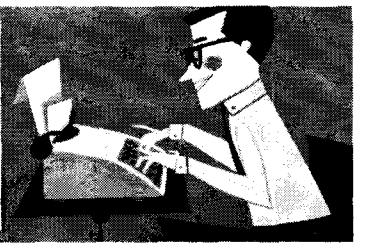
Top of My Head



Take Another Letter

CUNARD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.,
25 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

Well, I blew the *Queen Mary* deal. I didn't mind that my bid for the boat wasn't accepted. What hurt me was that you didn't answer my two letters. I had to read it in the papers. That upset me terribly. Or, as you fellows say, it shivered my timbers.

I had fantastic plans for the boat. I was going to retire from all the newspaper and TV headlines and spend my declining years reclining on the deck of the boat, just living off social security and welfare. Well, it's just as well I didn't get the boat. We had a strike in our Welfare Department in New York, you know. It was murder. Or, as you would put it, mutiny on the bounty.

Although I didn't get any letter from you, I did receive some sympathetic mail from people who read my letters to you here. Some suggested that had you accepted my bid I wouldn't have been able to make the payment. If this is true you may be interested to know that all my life I have paid my bills promptly on the first. Not a month went by. No one ever called me a skipper. (Oops, that's an unfortunate choice of language!)

A LETTER from George Gilfillan of Monte Vista, Colorado, suggested that in my letter to you I left out the hyphen in "Steam-Ship." "All Cunard letterheads are imprinted 'Cunard Steam-Ship Co.,'" he wrote, omitting the hyphen from "letterheads." I called your New York office and asked the operator whether there was a hyphen, because the phone book spells it without the hyphen. She insisted there was no hyphen. Well, if you fellows can't make up your mind on that, no wonder.

And a letter from Wallace Kirkland of Oak Park, Illinois, tells of the time, during the war, he was a photographer in Australia with MacArthur. "Your love, the *Queen Mary*," he writes, "was in Sydney harbor. The *Queen* was used then as a troop carrier. Her lovely interior was a mess. None of the fancy draperies, and with names of some of the military passengers carved in her woodwork." Am I glad I didn't get that second-hand boat!

But when you didn't notify me personally, it was like pouring salt on an open wound. Or the briny deep. However, I come now with a bid for the *Queen Elizabeth*, which I read now is for sale in 1968. My exuberance and anxiety to buy undid me in my first letter. I was too popeyed. The sailor man, you know. So I'm playing it cool this time.

In the first place, I think you ought to stop advertising the *Queen Elizabeth* as the "sister ship" of the *Queen Mary*. We all know they were the daughters of Henry VIII—Mary born of Catherine of Aragon, Elizabeth of Anne Boleyn. So let's play it straight. Or steer a true course. The *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary* are stepsister ships. I don't know whether you spell that with a hyphen or not. I don't.

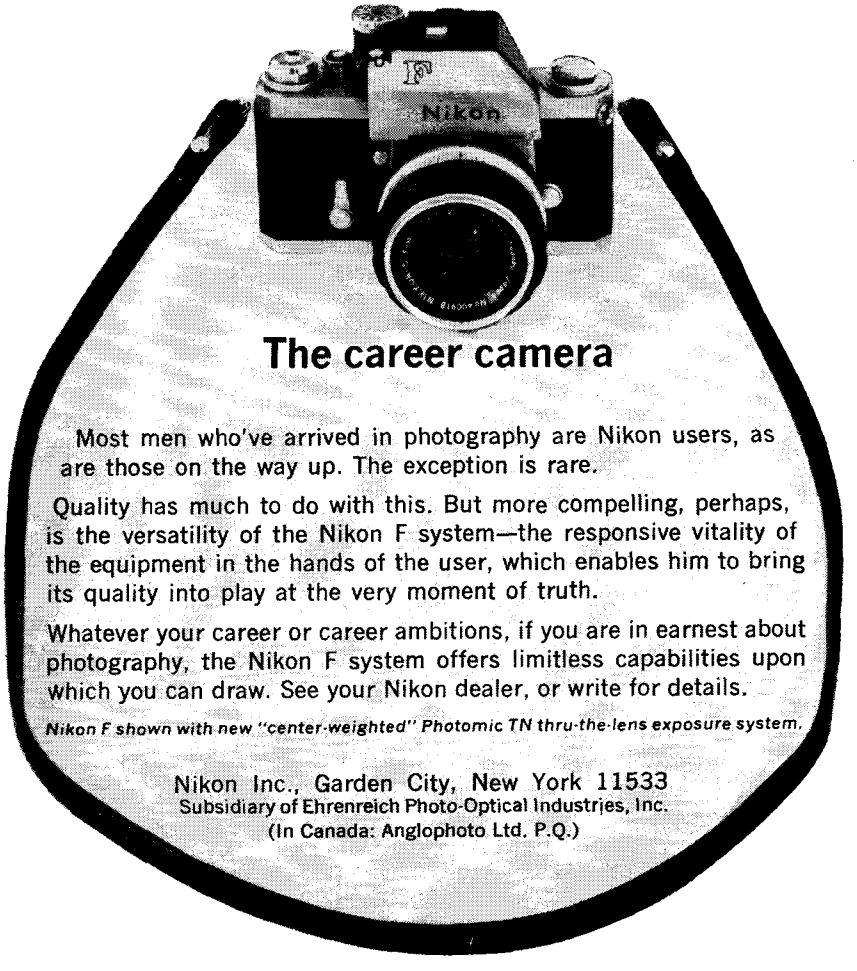
WHERE in my first letters I didn't ask too many questions about the boat, I have time now to investigate this one more thoroughly. I want to go down on the bridge, to amble along the decks. Or, as you say, walk the plank. Does the boat have an outboard motor? Or an inboard motor? I want to inspect the kitchen. Also the galley. Little things like that.

So let's get down to brass tacks. Or down below, as you say. This is the bid of a solid citizen who wants a boat. I can imagine what your reaction was when you got the bid on the *Queen Mary* from Hugh Hefner, the *Playboy* publisher. "All those hatches full of hutches?" you shouted. And you're so right. And just think what "sea legs" would have meant to that gentleman.

I can understand why you turned down a bid of $2,000,000 from New York City Mayor John Lindsay, who wanted to turn the *Queen* into a school off the East Coast. A worthy project. But he didn't fool you. "Two million dollars?" you asked. "Yeh? Where's he going to get it? He can't even sell those lottery tickets."

But if I had to lose the boat, I would have preferred losing it to our Mayor. In spite of the snide remark made by a dissident councilman who said: "It figures he could use the *Queen Mary*. He's been at sea around New York for a long time now."

Hope to hear from you. The least I deserve is an answer. This is not my first letter to you. Or maiden voyage, as you old salts put it. So how about it? Mother Sills sends her best. —GOODMAN ACE.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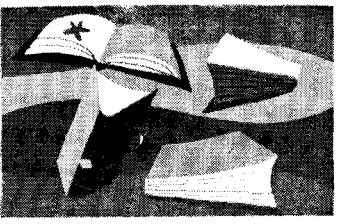
Trade Winds



In the linen department of Korvette's Fifth Avenue store in New York recently, signs designated WHITE MUSLIM bedsheets.

Almost twenty years ago, Charles Jackson's third novel was published. It was about mental deficiency, his first book having covered alcoholism, and his second, homosexuality. After twenty years of what Jackson describes as writer's block, he is back with his fourth novel, *A Second-Hand Life* [*SR*, Aug. 12], the subject of this one being nymphomania. (The Boston *Globe* nicknamed it "The Lust Weekend.")

During those twenty years things weren't too happy for Jackson, from the standpoint of a writer. There was a recurrence of tuberculosis, requiring surgery and a lot of time recuperating. ("They only took out one lung," he quips, puffing on a cigarette.) Except for a few short stories, he just couldn't work, being both physically and mentally exhausted, it seemed.

"I thought I was a failure, that I had been a writer merely by accident and that it was all in the past. It didn't help to have people asking me, 'Why don't you write more?' "

Then two years ago something happened: Macmillan advanced money for the new book, without even asking so much as what it would be about. They installed Jackson in an apartment in the Chelsea Hotel, where the atmosphere could hardly be more conducive to creative efforts, and he proceeded to unblock himself. The other day news came that New American Library would pay $100,000 for paperback rights to *A Second-Hand Life*, and that the Literary Guild has made it an alternate selection.

Jackson, looking much younger than his sixty-four years, much healthier than his medical history would indicate, and much happier than his writer's block should have left him, smiles cheerfully and says:

"Oh, I'm not as broke as I sound, though I'm always in debt. *The Lost Weekend* is in twenty-four languages and sells regularly. There are two editions in this country right now. It's always taken care of me: $24 from Greece here, and $16 from Finland there. It adds up."

Some years ago, when Robert G. Ryan, now editor of *Hardware Consultant*, was with the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, he was witness to this incident. A fellow reporter, upon completing his assignment, stopped in a convenient bar for his customary morning bracer and from there called his city editor.

CITY EDITOR: Where are you now?
REPORTER: At Penn Station.
CITY EDITOR: Well, get the hell out of there quick. It's on fire.

(And sure enough, Philadelphia's Penn Station did burn down.)

The two best-selling paperbacks are *Valley of the Dolls*, fiction, and *The Medium Is the Massage*, nonfiction. Jerome Agel, who produced the latter, was struck with the idea of getting the two authors together on television to discuss the secrets of best-sellerdom. But the idea fizzled when he approached them.

"Sorry," McLuhan said. "Don't know her work." And Jacqueline Susann asked, "Marshall *who*? The medium is the *what*?"

In the neat little town of Wellington, Kansas, Mrs. John W. Garland was a judge in the junior high school essay contest on keeping the city clean. One of the entries went as follows:

> Why are we humans so sloppy? If we had to take a look around us then choose an animal to represent us, we would have to pick a pig rather than a clean, proud bird like the national eagle.
>
> Maybe the birds have more sense, in this aspect. How many skies have you seen which were littered? Perhaps it is because humans are not up there walking around, leaving a trail of waste paper behind when up there. When we are riding in an airplane we do not open a window to throw out a candy wrapper.
>
> This is our town, and I would very much prefer a beautiful bird over a pig. If this is not clearly evident to you, just look up in the sky and think how neat birds are, then look around you.

Did you hear about the psychiatrist who ran into a woman patient of his on the street? She was with her husband, and she introduced him by saying, "Doctor, this is one of the men I've been telling you about."

Several people have sent me this story, admitting that it's an old one, so I'll get it out of the way. A professor of

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English warned his class: "There are two words I will not tolerate the use of in your compositions; one is *lousy* and the other is *swell.*"

After a silence, a puzzled voice came from the back of the room: "Well, professor, what are the two words?"

Sharps and Flats: Bob Sherrill, a North Carolina boy who works in New York now, told me one of the first lessons he learned after moving to the city. He used to say "Good morning" to people in the apartment elevator. After a few days of being ignored or glared at, he caught on and quit. He did note, however, that if a New Yorker has a dog with him, it's okay to speak to the dog.

► Judith Shaw points out that the villain in Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man* is named Christian Jorgensen.

► There's real trouble in Westerly, Rhode Island. At the Campbell Grain Company you deliver goods to the "Recieving Room," and right across the tracks is the Elm Tree Lodge, where a sign says: ENTRANCE TO COCKTAIL LOUNGE AND DINNING ROOM.

► The reason you see few Kennedy half-dollars in New York is that bank employees take them cut of circulation. They sell them to dealers or coin collectors. The going price is five halves for $3—for the old ones, that is. The ones minted recently are too cheaply made to satisfy collectors.

► James H. Heineman, Inc., publishers of *Henry Cabot Lodge*, a biography by William Johnson Miller, sent a notice that publication of the book has been delayed "due to Ambassador Lodge adding new chapters to his life."

► The phone rang at the Chinook Bookshop in Colorado Springs, and a female voice asked, "Do you have *The Power of Sexual Surrender* in paperback?" Not at the moment, was the reply, but it could be ordered. "Oh, dear!" came the wail, "I've *got* to have it by *tonight*!" —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1742)

GEORGE MACKAY:
FROM FAR FORMOSA

"Wet and wind without, damp and mould within . . . for weeks . . . we rarely get a glimpse of the sun . . . we . . . fight against depression of spirits and say to ourselves as cheerfully as possible:

"'Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining!'"

SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

CITIES IN A RACE WITH TIME, Jeanne R. Lowe. Random House. $10 (*SR,* Aug. 5)—Concluding that the city can promote human good, Miss Lowe describes how five metropolises—New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, and New Haven—have responded to their complex needs.

THE BLOOD AND IRON CHANCELLOR: A DOCUMENTARY BIOGRAPHY OF OTTO VON BISMARCK, Louis L. Snyder. Van Nostrand. $8.95 (*SR,* Aug. 19)—An authoritative account of a militaristic Junker who possessed "the literary ability of a Disraeli, the gusto of a Falstaff, the split personality of a Hamlet."

THE NEW FACE OF BUDDHA: BUDDHISM AND POLITICAL POWER IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, Jerrold Schecter. Coward-McCann. $6.95 (*SR,* Aug. 5)—*Time-Life*'s Tokyo Bureau chief focuses on the principals and personalities enmeshed in Asia's current turmoil.

BLACK POWER AND URBAN UNREST: CREATIVE POSSIBILITIES, Nathan Wright, Jr. Hawthorn. $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 12)—In his definition of "Black Power," the Episcopal minister asserts that the upgrowth of Negroes is dependent upon their dynamic interalliance.

THE WILL TO POWER, Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Walter Kaufmann and B. J. Hollingdale. Edited by Walter Kaufmann. Random House. $10 (*SR,* Aug. 5)—A foremost Nietzsche scholar provides a superb new version of the philosopher's last notebooks, kept during the most fertile years of his sanity.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION RECONSIDERED, Richard B. Morris. Harper & Row. $5 (*SR,* Aug. 19)—In a fresh look at our war for independence, the leaders emerge as neither grandiloquent nor fanatical, but as cool-thinking, solid citizens.

HEROD: PROFILE OF A TYRANT, Samuel Sandmel. Lippincott. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 19)—Depicts the life and times of a notoriously wicked ruler who lived just prior to the era when the world's calendar turned from B.C. to A.D.

THE HOUSE OF KRUPP, Peter Batty. Stein & Day. $7.95 (*SR,* Aug. 19)—A hard-hitting chronicle of the infamous arms-manufacturing dynasty, makers of "Big Bertha," "Long Max," and "Fat Gustav."

THE TWO FACES OF MEDICINE, Carl Binger, M.D. Norton. $6 (*SR,* Aug. 12)—Placing psychiatry on the couch, Dr. Binger examines the neuroses of a profession he sees as medicine's feminine aspect.

RUDYARD KIPLING: REALIST AND FABULIST, Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75 (*SR,* Aug. 26)—Presents a personal and original reappraisal of a contradictory, brilliant, wise, and sometimes foolish man.

DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS, Piri Thomas. Knopf. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 5)—With swinging, masculine style, an ex-addict and petty thief powerfully evokes the batterings sustained by his dark skin in color-conscious America.

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS, Robert Conot. Bantam. Paperback, 95¢ (*SR,* Aug. 26)—A closely detailed documentary argues that the 1965 Watts riot marked a turning point in the Negro-white balance of power.

LIGHTNING OUT OF ISRAEL: THE SIX-DAY WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST, Associated Press. Prentice-Hall. $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 26)—Profusely illustrated, this commemorative edition includes first-person accounts, by both Arabs and Israelis, of the brief but bloody battle.

Fiction

A HALL OF MIRRORS, Robert Stone. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 19); **ABOUT US,** Chester Aaron. McGraw-Hill. $5.50 (*SR,* Aug. 19); **THE ITINERANT,** William Herrick. McGraw-Hill. $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 19); **THE LAST OF THE CRAZY PEOPLE,** Timothy Findley. Meredith. $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 5); **NEST IN A FALLING TREE,** Joy Cowley. Doubleday. $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 26)—Five bright first novels for the remainder-of-summer bookshelf deal respectively with: three misfits up against it in New Orleans; the disintegration of a once-idyllic Jewish family; sex, Marx, and a Jewish family of the Thirties; an eleven-year-old boy whose final, insane act seems like ultimate sanity; and the static world of a spinster enslaved to her infirm mother.

ALL THE LITTLE LIVE THINGS, Wallace Stegner. Viking. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 5)—Enjoying his withdrawal from the world, a retired literary agent is challenged by an arrogant beatnik and a young woman with a passion for all life.

THE PEACH STONE: STORIES FROM FOUR DECADES, Paul Horgan. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 12)—Twenty well-chosen reprints, arranged thematically, exhibit a deep sensitivity to the nuances of thought and feeling.

MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? AND OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE, Graham Greene. Viking. $4.50 (*SR,* Aug. 5)—Mr. Greene eavesdrops on, among others, a pair of platonic newlyweds, eight Japanese gentlemen, and a sabotaging ex-mistress.

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP, Paul Bowles. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 26)—The author's first collection of short stories since 1950 explores man's futile attempts at self-definition in an absurd, disaffected society.

A SECOND-HAND LIFE, Charles Jackson. Macmillan. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 12)— Agreeably seduced at eleven, still going strong at forty-five, Winifred Grainger joins literature's gallery of sinful women; another study in human weakness by the author of *The Lost Weekend.*

GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS, Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 5)—Follows the tribulations and tragedies of three generations of Americans, whose lives, though not noteworthy, are empathically real.

THE APPLE IN THE DARK, Clarice Lispector. Translated from the Portuguese by Gregory Rabassa. Knopf. $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 19)—Introducing to the United States a Brazilian writer of vivid imagination and perception, this psycholinguistic novel concerns a fleeing criminal and two women trapped by the treacherous power of words over thought.

THEATER

HOMECOMING; MACBIRD; YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN; BLACK COMEDY; MAN OF LA MANCHA; CACTUS FLOWER.

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ART EXHIBITIONS

MASTER E.S., at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. First exhibition of rare prints attributed to Master E.S., the most important and influential engraver active in northern Europe around the middle of the fifteenth century. Opens September 5.

TWENTIETH CENTURY GERMAN ART IN BERLIN, at the Museum of Fine Arts in Montreal. A survey of contemporary German art borrowed from museums in West Berlin spans nearly seven decades, covering such important movements as the Brucke, Blaue Reiter, and Bauhaus. Closes September 10.

MOVIES

BONNIE AND CLYDE (*SR,* Aug. 5)—An unusual and astonishingly good shoot-em-up depicts the duo that terrorized the Southwest during the early Depression.

THE WHISPERERS (*SR,* Aug. 19)—Dame Edith Evans's brilliant performance raises this focus on the miseries of old age beyond the commonplace.

THE FLIM-FLAM MAN (*SR,* Aug. 19)—Though an uneasy blend of reality and farce, this story of a sleight-of-hand artist shows originality and imagination.

Also: IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT; UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE; THE WITNESSES; DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE; THE HAWKS AND THE SPARROWS.

WIT TWISTER #23

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

The herd — — — — gently on
the homeward path.
With — — — — but cheerful
steps the farmboy strolls.
Above the piping choir of frogs
at bath,
The quavering descant of the
— — — — unrolls.

(*Answer on page* 37)

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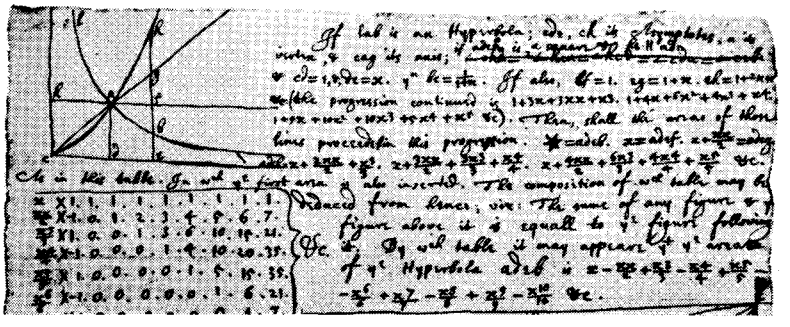

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Our Perilous Population Implosion

Basic social problems may never be solved, warns the Secretary of the Interior, unless we create a new environment compatible with the human spirit. But time is short.

By STEWART L. UDALL

IN RECENT years, no nation has been more inclined to preach at the world about the perils of overpopulation, nor less concerned over the impact of unplanned human and industrial proliferation on the quality of life at home than has the United States. As headlong growth has eroded the American environment, we have substituted international rhetoric for national action.

Not long after the results of the 1960 census were published I happened to be in Vermont, at a press conference with Senator George Aiken. The Green Mountain State had no population increase in the decade of the 1950s, and a reporter asked Senator Aiken whether he was disturbed by this circumstance. The Senator smiled a wry smile and shot back: "No, we Vermonters have looked at the country and noted what some people call 'growth,' and we're not disturbed. We are going to wait a while and grow right!"

At a time when the U.S. birthrate has taken a sharp dip I, too, have an Aiken-like reaction. Shouldn't we, after all the unsettling predictions of a doubling and quadrupling of our numbers, positively welcome the slower growth trends of the Sixties? Why not hope that our population will actually level off for a few years—and give us a "breather" in which to learn the art of growing right?

The turmoil in our cities is, in part, a result of the disordered growth policies fostered in an era when a cardinal article of the American faith was that all growth was good—that population increase and prosperity were intertwined.

It is peculiar that, despite the growslow signs of the Sixties, our census experts, demographers, and sociologists continue to parrot the prediction that our present population of 200 million will about double itself by the year 2000. While nobody really knows exactly what the effects of such a population will be on the entire American environment, it is not the absence of precise information that is disturbing. Rather, the troubling thing about these oft-repeated forecasts is that they bid us accept the inevitable and thus overwhelm our creativity and conscience. No isolated example is a recent *New York Times* editorial on "Planning for Regional Growth":

> How can the metropolitan area best provide satisfactory living space for the enormous growth in population predicted by the turn of the century? The tri-state area, roughly bounded by Trenton, Poughkeepsie, and New Haven, now has about 18,000,000 residents, expected to increase to nearly 30,000,000 by the year 2000.

Acquiescence to these assumptions is wrong, not simply because we will be unable to adequately feed a doubled population, but because of another, more invidious hunger—a starvation of the human spirit. The urban uprisings of our time tell us that parts of our cities are simply unlivable. We are now paying the price of a century of neglect and poor planning. If we permit the outdated growth policies of the past to further overpower prescience, this will ensure an increasingly ugly, overcrowded, unclean, joyless environment for the American people.

But this need *not* happen . . . civilization, after all, is an act of will. If we *now* would pause and ponder—as a rich and powerful nation should and can afford to—the elemental and elementary issues which have so long been beclouded by the dust of our haste, we might escape the growth-gospel that grips and motivates the American mind.

What *are* some of these questions?

► First, *what is the optimum population—is there an ideal land-people ratio—for our nation?* At our first census, in 1790, the area of the nation was 900,000 square miles; today, the fifty states have an area of 3,500,000 square miles. But while our land area has increased *fourfold* (not all of it habitable), our population has increased *fifty times* over. From the Colonial (primarily agricultural) period, when population density was five persons per square mile, we have imploded toward the cities so that, today, 70 per cent of our people live on just 1 per cent of the land. This means an average population density, for our urban areas, of about 4,000 people per square mile (in New York City it is 25,000 per square mile). One does not need to be a trained psychiatrist to conclude, for example, that congested, polluted living conditions sicken the senses and make slum dwellers less humane toward themselves and even their own neighbors.

Other questions flow from this basic

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall is the author of *The Quiet Crisis.*

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and complex issue. Some of them are:

► *What environment—what balance between the works of nature and the works of man—should we seek?* "Society will somehow demand controls to keep life bearable," the *Wall Street Journal* suggested airily in its 1966 analysis of the meaning of a population of 300 million Americans. This is precisely the rationalization that has led to the environmental erosion of twentieth-century America. A Federal Aviation Agency pamphleteer recently offered this explanation of the not-so-subtle process whereby the public would eventually accept sonic booms as the price of technological supremacy:

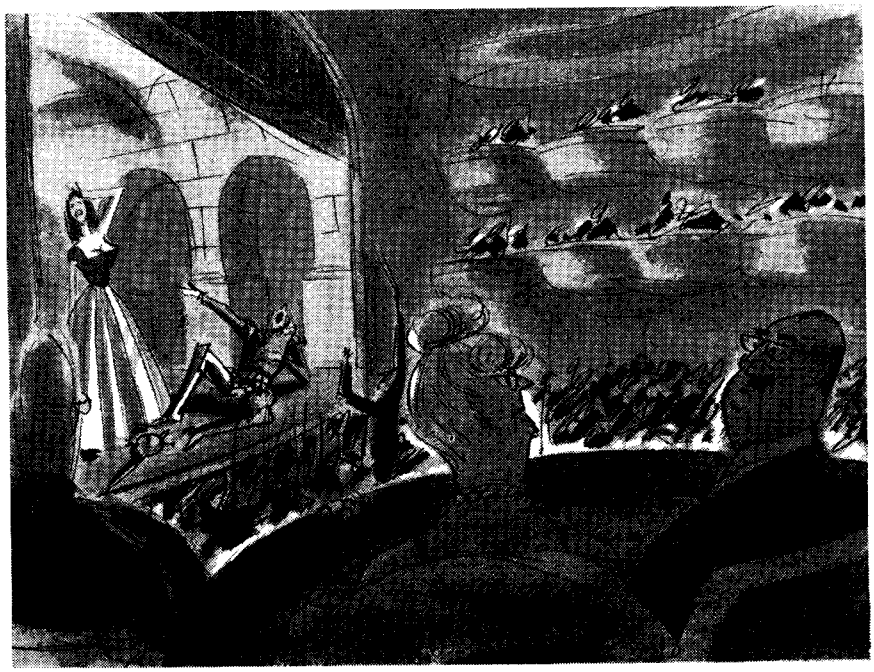
> . . . Individuals tend to accommodate themselves to an initially disturbing noise once it becomes a pattern of daily life. There are noises today in cities and in small towns that are taken for granted which, if they were introduced as new noises, would cause disturbance for an initial period of time. . . . People living near Air Force bases, where sonic booms are a common occurrence, don't find them unacceptable, and this may be a sound indication that widespread public tolerance will grow as booms become more a part of daily living.

This is the insidious logic of a different, diminished America. It implies that men must adapt to machines, not machines to men; that production, speed, novelty, progress at any price must come first, and people second; that mechanization may be pushed as far as human endurance will allow. It ignores experience—which should tell us we should not add new strains and pressures and discomforts to a high-pressure world. Jet engines at close range reach 150 decibels, but two-thirds of all deafness in working males is caused by occupational noise which rarely exceeds 130 decibels. In any case, is it right to permit 300 people in an SST, hurtling across the land faster than sound, to interrupt the sleep of 30,000,000? Must the travel of a few mean travail for the many?

► *What manner of cities should we create?* Shall private transportation and highways dominate the city, as in Los Angeles, or shall mass transportation navigate the city and its environs, as in the Bay Area Rapid Transit District nearing completion around San Francisco? Shall technological, or human engineering dominate? Regrettably, a segment of the scientific community abets the formation of a bearable world of teeming billions. Certain brilliant men are so engrossed in engineering techniques that they have seemingly lost sight of their own species. Buckminster Fuller, one of the most creative of our designers, has proposed that we build gargantuan geodesic domes over our cities. These great greenhouses would enclose a mechanized, man-controlled climate: the stars, the seasons, and the sun would be walled out in a triumph of technology. Air pollution *and* weather would disappear; yet these domes would deny the instinct of man to coexist with nature, and affirm his tendency—rare among higher animals—to foul his nest.

► *How best can we conserve the countryside?* This goes beyond mere questions of billboard controls and anti-litter campaigns; it goes to the issue of land use itself. In Santa Clara County, California, Charles Abrams pointed out not long ago, ". . . one dairy farm a week has been lost to subdivisions." Frontier individualism has caused us to abhor planning. Most of our land-use policies, as well as our decisions about modes of transportation and the design of cities, have been dictated by the short-term economics of the marketplace.

SINCE Detroit accepted no responsibility for air pollution, and the builders of freeways showed no concern for conservation, it should hardly surprise us that the climates of whole regions—as well as the landscapes—have been sacrificed to galloping growth. In the absence of restraint or guidelines for growth, the single-minded, speculative, build-for-today-and-let-tomorrow-fend-for-itself approach has left us with a man-made mess of staggering proportions. It is not bureaucracy expanding itself, but need,



"I suppose that nobody in grand opera ever gets killed instantly?"

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that caused President Johnson to recommend—and Congress to approve—a Department of Housing and Urban Development.

► *How can we accomplish both full production and the full life? How can we achieve a material prosperity that will also promote the prosperity of the human spirit?* Gross National Product is our Holy Grail; the economists and statisticians its keepers. Statistics concerning auto output, steel production, heavy construction, housing starts, freight-car loadings have become the indices of the American advance. We have had no environmental index, no census statistic to measure whether the country is more or less livable from year to year. A tranquility index, a cleanliness index, a privacy index, might have told us something about the condition of man, but a fast-growing country bent on piling up material things has been indifferent to the "little things' that add joy to everyday living.

The environment has not been undone by the errors or inroads of a single segment of society. The innumerable fumes and poisons and defacements were not, taken one by one, outrageous, but, like resentments, they accumulated until they were too many and the impact was intolerable. No floods or forest fires or great dust storms warned us of impending bankruptcy. It is hard to say just when San Francisco lost its bay, Los Angeles its salubrious air, Lake Erie its whitefish, or New York its lordly Hudson. There was no cry of alarm, and the reason was subversively simple: the common belief that the blight of a pleasant land was the price of "progress."

For a rational nation proud of its scientific prowess, we are remarkably fatalistic about the future. In regard to our legacy of natural resources, we have shown little long-range resourcefulness. In regard to our production of goods and services, we generally have made "Will it sell?"—not "Is it useful?"—our test. The long debate over automotive safety features is a perfect case in point.

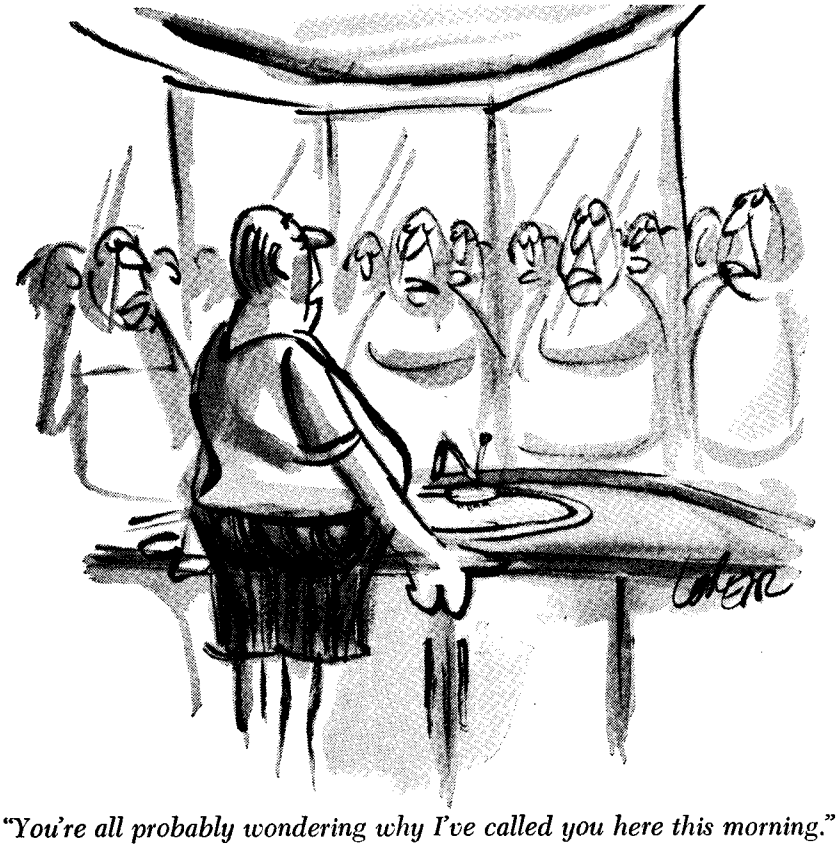
BUT, as virtually all problems on earth are people problems, as we know that the environment can dehumanize man as it deteriorates and becomes oppressive, the critical issue comes down to population—and in this regard there is a strong streak of determinism in our attitude. If we want an improved environment, if we aspire to a social and physical setting that enlarges, not narrows, individual choice, then we must understand that each increment of population erodes our options and increases the role which the supertechnocrats and mechanistic planners will play in our lives. Why? For the simple reason that our continued implosion toward the cities, our annual population growth of 4,000,000 people, increases the physical and social pressures, causes us to seek quick remedies, leads us to waste too much wealth on quick-fix projects that provide at best a temporary respite from yesterday's mistakes. The razing of tenements, their instant replacement by high-rise slums, changes the facade—not the features—of the ghetto. And yet, because the cures and comforts and scientific spectaculars of the postwar period have made us optimists, unafraid of the future, there will be a growing tendency to rely more on science than on social planning as population increases and implodes. And this is wrong, for our failures are social, not scientific.

WITHOUT a slow-growth population policy *and* practice, we will find it difficult to eliminate slums, to build attractive cities, to expand education, to control crime, to create an equal-opportunity society. And with each new difficulty, with each new defeat (no matter how partial), the tendency will be to turn toward the panaceas of engineering, the creations of computers, the strong right arm of the bulldozer, the steadfastness of the piledriver. All this tends to be circular: more social problems because of increased answers which are not answers at all . . . more pressure and more technical response to human needs. Out of this we would achieve an asphalt America with nature overwhelmed. If our recent past counts for anything, it should convince us this new America will, at best, be functional; at worst, it will be unattractive, mechanized, messy, and inhuman. We would have little freedom of movement in our polynucleated cities. Creative play, contemplation under a big sky, would be whittled away.

In the anthill world of megalopolis, we would become an indoor people: hunting, fishing, hiking would be the avocations of the hardy few and the wealthy elite, and silence would be found only by those whose wanderings were to the farthest of shores or the white paths of winter. From our soundproof rooms we would lament the passing of the solitude we still can enjoy today—an elixir of space, the immanence of nature. Indeed, these might well become the amenities most scarce, the "luxuries" most missed in so much of our tomorrow-filled, flat-faced country where stream valleys, swamps, and estuaries would be used as dumping grounds—as waste receptacles—for the profligacy of our plenty.

Many years ago Sherwood Anderson wrote to his friend Waldo Frank:

> Is it not likely that when the country was new and men were often alone in the fields and the forest they got a sense of bigness outside themselves that has now in some way been lost? . . . Mystery whispered in the grass, played in the branches of trees overhead, was caught up and blown across the American land in clouds of dust at evening on the prairies . . . I am old enough to remember tales that strengthen my belief in a deep semi-religious influence that was formerly at work among our people. The flavor of it hangs over the best work of Mark Twain . . . I can re-



"You're all probably wondering why I've called you here this morning."

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member old fellows in my home town speaking feelingly of an evening spent on the big empty plains. It had taken the shrillness out of them. They had learned the trick of quiet.

A half-century later we have unlearned, and all but lost, the trick of quiet.

Overpopulation would drive wildlife to the wall; the eagle and the elk would become memories; the smell of pine already is synthesized and marketed in pressurized cans for use in deodorizing our apartments and—who knows—perhaps someday our cities. Many would eat fish-flour, but few would know the taste of brook trout or fresh-caught salmon.

And beyond 2000? Well, some predict an America of one billion souls in 2080. China and India together today have that many people. What is the quality of life—even questions of hunger aside—where elbow room is gone, forever? No matter what the level of our goods-and-gadgets "standard of living," that sort of overpopulation would mean poverty. Pearl Buck may have indulged in overstatement when she observed that, "Democracy is impossible in an overpopulated country." It is no overstatement, however, to say that the full life, as we like to think of it today, is impossible in an overpopulated nation.

". . . I am sorry this slipped my mind and thank you for calling it to my attention. To fulfill my contract obligation, please accept the enclosed government money order and send my book dividends to my home address below..."

THE inhibitions of old cultures and outdated religious and economic doctrines have retarded the development of wise priorities for world-wide population planning. In 1967, despite the amazing advances of science, the approach to our overall world effort at human betterment is most unscientific. We have long since perfected the concept of the land's carrying capacity for animals, and we practice the principle of sustained yield in the management of trees and plants. Yet we abandon the idea of natural balance when we come to our own species. We have mastered the arts of animal husbandry, we know the life laws of crops and insects, we know how to plan our agricultural output. In effect, we have enhanced the future of everything—except the overall future of the human race. The time has come to take to heart the humanistic counsel of Lewis Mumford:

> The balanced economy we must now seek will place its emphasis not on the horsepower it consumes but on the manpower it releases: It will translate energy into leisure and leisure into life.

In short, we must evolve an ecology of man in harmony with the constantly unfolding ecologies of other living things. We need a man-centered science which will seek to determine the interrelationships of life, interrelationships whose understanding will enhance the condition of man.

There is no better place to begin enlarging life, I believe, than through a higher, more responsible attitude toward parenthood. There has been too much nonsense written and spoken about the unlimited right of couples to have children, and too little sense about the primal responsibilities of child-rearing. The nightmares of overpopulation (exploding *and* imploding) would subside if we applied the conservation concept to our own kind. What we call "conservation" is rooted in the nature of man and the inner order of his universe. It puts the future first, and expedience second. It makes the fullness of life the overriding objective of all social planning.

Science has now made it simple for us to plan the conservation of our most precious resource—the human child. Parents can elect to have only those children they want—and wise men and women should want only the number they personally are psychologically and financially ready to rear; yet even those who, by this definition, are able must take cognizance of the fact that *beyond* the private creation of life are public—social—consequences. Beyond love, beyond ability, beyond the bestowals of time and attention required by true parenthood, there are the considerations of our interactions with our fellow man and our institutions. Certainly, levels of health care, educational opportunities, and a clean, life-giving environment must affect decisions as to parenthood.

One could contemplate the United States a century from now with equanimity if our growth rates and growth patterns reflected a mature, purposeful national will. Arrogant events and the headlong pace of material progress have left us little time to ask what people are for, or to agree on long-term societal aspirations. We have learned neither how to grow, nor at what pace, and *that* is our failing and our future trouble.

The bright upland of a better world will not come into view until we bring population and human planning into balance. I would have no fear for my country's tomorrows if we would turn toward creative parenthood and creative education, if we already had established the secure foundations of an equal-opportunity society and mastered the sensitive arts of building a life-encouraging environment. At this moment in history we need to realize that:

Bigger is not better;

Slower may be faster;

Less may well mean more.

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"IT'S PRETTY, BUT IS IT ART?"

By some standards, so is a trip to the supermarket.

By SYLVIA ANGUS

IN ART, this is not the age of anxiety, the pill, or the bomb. It is the age of "willingness." Even the most conservative classicists feel, as they sneak home for a bit of Haydn on the hi-fi, that they should give the avant-garde "a chance." To those genuinely interested in the great variety of artistic experiment now going on, curiosity has reached a fever pitch in which willingness has completely overborne that philistine thing, the critical faculty. Everything is grist for the mill; everything is, at the very least, "interesting."

Unfortunately, a great deal of current experiment in the arts is *not* interesting. Art has always been experimental, but never before has the audience for art been called upon to find all the trials and errors "interesting," and it does art a disservice to accept everything offered with the same bland, slightly nervous acquiescence.

There is, for example, the recent case of the touring group called "Contemporary Voices in the Arts," sponsored by the New York Council on the Arts, which visited a number of college campuses all over the state. The idea was interesting. The artists were well known, avant-garde people with a significant body of work behind them in film, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, and dance. One could expect that an artistic galaxy which included Merce Cunningham, Jack Tworkov, John Cage, Len Lye, Robert Creeley, Stanley Vanderbeek, and Billy Klüver would have something significant to say and to show about the arts they are engaged in.

Curiously enough, their largely student and faculty audiences found that they had a great deal of value to *say* (which was not their main intention) and very little to *show* (which *was*). Audiences were treated to a kind of traveling circus, but a circus *manqué*, a tedious circus. Films flickered simultaneously on screens, walls, and ceilings; shrill and unrelated noises attacked the eardrums in long-continued squeals; artists wandered about coyly lighting matches when lights failed; a so-called panel discussion on the arts resolved itself into several people making desultory remarks and joshing each other like small boys; artists ambled about the stage like actors on the first day of a rehearsal when they do not yet know their lines or even their roles. It was a "happening," and for most of the audiences, a bore. The point to all this is that the performance was not billed as a "happening" but purported to be an experience in the new art forms, the "random" arts.

THE most curious and significant thing about this performance, and one of the most telling criticisms of current experiments in "the random" as an art technique, came on the day *after* the performance, when the artists, in small groupings, spoke to students about the purposes and methods of their arts. Cogently, lucidly, in logical, sequential prose, they explained that art should be a total, sensory experience which should be allowed to flow over and through one; that it should not be examined for logic, lucidity, or sequence. Clearly, rationally, they made the reasonable point that art has too long concentrated on intellectual perceptions, and that this, the age of exploding mass media and new technology, should be a time to seek sense experience in whatever random arrangement of sight, smell, or sound might present itself at any given moment. With admirable intellectual coherence, they made a most persuasive case for the nonintellectual, random art with which the audience had been bored the evening before!

Art today, like science, is in the grip of the uncertainty principle. Einstein began it with relativity, and now Heisenberg has shown that the smallest particles of matter are indeterminate in their motion. The sense of this relativity and indeterminateness has filtered into all our consciousnesses. If randomness is a fundamental truth of science, why is it not also applicable to art? In a seeming attempt to assert the unity of science and art, we have now gone far along the path of asserting that the random *is* or *can be* art.

If we allow, for the moment, that the artists in the experiment above have a rational theory for asserting that the random can produce art, we are faced with a number of criticisms of random "art" based on their own demonstrative performances, which suffered from at least the following five problems, any one of which is capable of destroying *any* art:

1) *Overkill*—the expenditure of too much effort or attention for insufficient sensory or emotional reward.

2) *Pretentiousness*—the declaration of significance when the significance offered is minor or cliché.

3) *Inarticulateness*—the inadequate communication which comes from lack of understanding by the artist of what might happen during his experiments.

4) *Lack of Direction*—not quite the same as lack of goal. There need not be a final goal in sight, but the lack of any sense of direction produces circular art, and circular art ceases to be interesting after two or three revolutions.

5) *Tedium*—the open-ended tiresomeness of material so shapeless and unstructured that it doesn't know when to stop.

The above criticisms are criticisms of random art *as art*. If it is art, then it is too often *poor* art, and it is the audience's *duty* to point this out and not to generalize feebly that all of it is interesting. There is no more justification for uncritical acceptance of any and all assaults upon our senses in the name of art than there is justification for accepting passively the drilling of experimental dentists. Experiment is always valuable, but experiment is only "art" when it succeeds. Robert Frost once remarked that he did not require that a potato be covered with earth for him to accept it as a potato. It is perhaps equally unnecessary that we be willingly on deck for all an artist's trials and errors. These trial runs are best confined to the artist's studio until he works the bugs out of what he is doing.

Which brings me, of course, to the positive, if heretical, point I am making: that totally random or accidental art is not art at all. It is "a happening," and "a happening" is a form of social interaction, a kind of group dynamics. Happenings can be great fun; they can turn one on; they can stimulate and enter-

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tain; they can even provoke spiritual or sensory awakenings. That, however, doesn't make them art any more than a motorcycle trip, or a trip to a supermarket, or a fall down a well are art, though any one of them may also stimulate, entertain, or awaken us. If any and all experience can be labeled art and demand our attention as art, then clearly the word has lost all meaning and turned into mush.

This is not, as it may seem to some, a mere semantic quibble. It is an attempt to gain some perspective in an area where perspective itself has become suspect. There is a not-so-underground effort being made these days to turn the word "experience" into an all-purpose shrine before which we must keep an eternal flame burning. We are supposed to seek experience at all costs, and what is more, we are being conned into dignifying all experience with the title of "art." But all experience is *not* art, which has always been a rather special area of experience. Experience can be had, and *is* had, at any time of the day or night. To ride the New York subway on an August day is an experience. It is equally an experience to hoe a row of carrots, to swim across a lake, to go to the toilet, to spank one's child, or to be converted to Mohammedanism. If all of these can also be called "art," then clearly what we are doing is simply melting our language down into one blob in which differentiations can no longer be made—anti-intellectualism with a vengeance!

"Experience" is the most important "in" word we have at the moment; everyone from Timothy Leary to Marshall McLuhan, the Fugs, and 3,000,000 students are for it. So am I. What I am against is being told to recognize as art any random group of chance and often tiresome irrelevancies which may give me a reaction, an "experience," no matter of what kind or quality. For if there is one thing about which I am perfectly clear, it is that art implies control. It is the precise opposite of randomness.

Here, precisely, is where scientific truth and artistic truth part company. The atomic particle may be indeterminate, but man is not. The random, the formless, is basically impossible and uninteresting to man, who is, willy-nilly, a pattern-making animal. Given a blank wall, man will form its cracks into a design. Set down in chaos, man will separate the whirling from the stationary, for chaos and meaninglessness, as the existentialists have discovered, are the hardest of all things for man to endure. To expect that he can, without drugs, turn off his brain and float on a sensory sea is as illogical as to expect, conversely, that he can react on a purely intellectual plane, untainted by the perceptions of his senses. That the over-intellectualizing of art has caused this violent pendulum swing in the opposite direction is a reason, but not an excuse, for the excesses of the present position. The idea of a random "art" may seem a corrective to rigidified, overformalized art forms, but it is a fundamentally useless correction. Man is a sensing animal all right, but he is also a thinking reed, and it is futile to attempt to limit his art to the narrow compass of his senses.

IN the long artistic past of humanity an accidental, random stroke has often produced significant art, but it took the artist's eye to recognize what the random stroke had done. Today we are being asked to watch our artists doodle in public and to cull from their doodles whatever appeals to us. This may be fun, but it gives the performers no cachet to be known as artists, since we are asked to do our own discriminating and make our own selections on purely subjective grounds. The artists who do this are rapidly putting themselves out of work, since the end point to this method must be "every man his own artist."

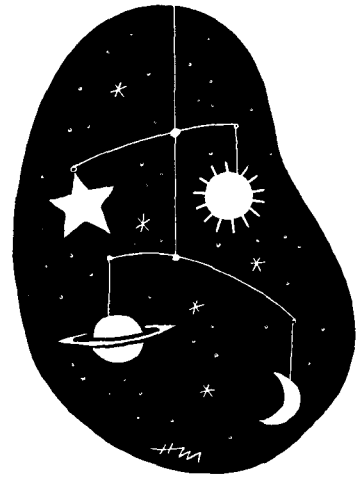
The artist who tosses a pot of paint at a wall, or hangs a wrecked car from the ceiling, or holds the microphone up to record his gargling and then tells us to look and to "experience" is doing no more than the merchant who displays before us an assortment of textiles, thread, buttons, and braid, and suggests we choose what we like and make ourselves a dress. If *we* select the materials, and if *we* plan and execute the dress, the experience may be salutary for us, but do we call the merchant a couturier? Is his randomly heaped assortment of materials "art"?

My criticism of these experiments in the random, then, is not that they may not produce interesting, beautiful, or moving things, but that they are simply not art. They may produce excitement, gaiety, tedium, or a headache, but so can a day on the beach. If there is no focusing, organizing intelligence behind it, there is no art in any meaningful sense of the word.

What is needed, it seems, is to redefine yet again, and for a new generation, what we mean by art—a hazardous but a perennially necessary job. To start with the easier end, let us clarify what art is *not*. It is *not*, as the current definition would have us believe, the communication of experience, not even of moving or emotional experience—though it *includes* this function. Too many moving and emotionally communicated experiences occur every day which are not art—for example, a man telling us how his dog was run over, or a girl describing her hatred of her mother. Art is *not* any accidental pattern of color, shape, or sound which delights us. Nature is full of such delightful accidents, but nature is not art. Art, in short, cannot be defined by what it *does* to us, because we can be moved, stimulated, angered, made ecstatic by a vast number of personal experiences which are not artistic in nature.

WHAT is left, then, if we cannot define art by what it *does*, is to define it by what it *is*. With more bravery than good sense, I will climb well out on a limb and define it as follows: Art is the controlled structuring of a medium or a material to communicate as vividly and movingly as possible the artist's personal vision of experience.

This definition, be it noted, allows for weak art or for great art, depending on the skill or stature of the artist. It does not allow any place for the random or totally unstructured. The key words are "controlled structuring." Experience, emotion, communication are all ingredients, but all are insufficient without the controlling mind which, alone, is capable of producing art. Art is not what *we experience*; it is the *controlled product* of the *artist's experience*. Our reaction to it is our own affair, but art comes from the artist—purposefully. If we give back to the word art a rational meaning, we can then go happily on to enjoy or to abominate random happenings without destroying the intellectual basis for language, which is the power to make distinctions.



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Plankton, Sardinella, and the Monsoon

THE EXCITING news that rains have broken the desperate two-year drought in northern India is cause indeed for rejoicing everywhere in the sensitive world, most particularly at Rome headquarters of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, where such things count. Beginning the first week in July, the rains finally came to most of northern India, but more important was the return—right on time for new sowings of grain—of the traditional monsoon, which had bypassed northern India for more than two years, causing crop failure on a catastrophic level. Drinking water had become so scarce that mass migration in search of water and fodder into adjacent areas scarcely better off threatened to upset the whole economy of India. But the devastating spell of continuous drought and consequent famine has now ceased, and it is possible, for the first time since 1964, that the Indian states of Bihar and Uttar have turned the corner in food production and may even become self-sufficient. In the past few months, at least 300,000 tons of grain had been sent to the drought-affected areas of the North, more than one-fourth of the total monthly grain shipments from the United States. Now this precious Western gift can be used elsewhere in that ever-hungry subcontinent.

The FAO rejoices with India at alleviation of at least a small burden of her famine because the FAO is concerned with hunger and food production everywhere in the world. On this page in times past we have reported what the U.N.'s special arm has done to help feed the hungry of the earth and to underline for our readers how severe the shortage of world food is in an exploding population. We should like now to expand our report from the FAO to a subject remote from the plains and mountains of northern India, yet closely related to the FAO's basic interests. The area is still hunger and its satisfaction, and the subject at hand is the plankton of the sea.

THE word "plankton" is used to describe that enormous portion of marine life which cannot swim against the currents but only drift with the waves and tides, as distinguished from organisms known as necton and benthos. Necton can make their way against an ocean current and benthos crawl along the ocean floor to which they are attached. Plankton are, of course, microscopic in size, both plants and animals, but they are terribly important because all life in the sea ultimately depends on them for subsistence. Though plankton's importance in the marine cycle of life had been realized as early as the mid-nineteenth century, practical application of plankton as a food supply is still a relatively young business.

It is by no means a coincidence that herring generally move to those areas of the water world richest in plankton. Therefore, if man could discover what kind of plankton this common fish feeds on and what its travel patterns are he would quickly obtain useful clues leading to a larger food supply. A marine biologist named Ole Ostvedt has just spent the better part of two years on an FAO project for the United Nations trying to figure out why a small African fish called the sardinella, a very tasty sardine about seven inches long, is so abundant one moment and vanishes the next. The sardinella is extremely important to Ghana fishermen because it constitutes up to 50 per cent of the catches of African fisherfolk, is eaten locally in great quantity, and supplies an enormous overseas market. Besides, the sardinella provides Ghanaians with rich proteins generally lacking in their normal diet.

The Norwegian biologist, with the help of the Ghanaian government, has been operating a marine laboratory out of Accra's harbor for the past sixteen months, and he thinks he's beginning to get somewhere in attempting to trace the comings and goings of the sardinella, a very capricious fish. Often called the herring of Africa, sardinella move in enormous schools, and local fishermen cast their nets as soon as they spot one of these schools. But the sardinella are apt to disappear as quickly as they came. To go where? This is a major question for Ole Ostvedt and his FAO colleagues, for if they can discover where those special plankton known as copepods—the sardinella's favorite dish—come from and go to, and when, the sometimes desperate diet of the West African will be greatly improved, and that is what the FAO is all about.

TODAY's marine scientists do not need to cast a net to find where schools of fish—and presumably plankton—are to be found. Using the most modern sonar and echo-sounding equipment, U.N. marine biologists like Mr. Ostvedt can watch a cod 600 feet down and detect a school of fish a mile away. If the U.N.'s task forces in this field are successful in tracing the movements of masses of fish, particularly the small worlds of sardinella and herring, and if plankton as a food can be extracted from the ocean in large quantities, the starvation picture, always acute but never worse than in the year 1967, might begin to improve, thanks to the FAO.

Indeed, some scientists believe that plankton, gathered in huge quantities, may be the answer to world starvation. For, when all the arable land has been used up and the people of the planet begin to battle one another for their daily bread, the sea will be the only remaining source—and what a source it is! Almost three-quarters of the earth is covered with water, and since we know practically nothing about the use of the immense untapped food harvest of the sea, to say nothing of a vast potential fresh water supply, Ole Ostvedt's marine biologists and the drought-stricken farmers of northern India may have something in common after all. That something is hunger and its satisfaction, the greatest news story of our time, as the FAO of the U.N. knows better than most.

—R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Aid for American Films

WILLIAM FADIMAN is to be commended for not allowing his position as an active member of the film industry to inhibit his assessment of its artistic values in his article, "Should American Films Be Subsidized?" [*SR*, Aug. 5].

Mr. Fadiman lists a number of "differences which effectually prevent the American film from achieving the deserved supremacy of the foreign films we admire." Cost seems to be the principal factor.

Censorship in various forms, Fadiman says, hamstrings Hollywood in many ways. . . . But doesn't the success of foreign films in the United States suggest that "the candor that other nations sanction" is sanctioned by American theatergoers, too? Once again, isn't it the high costs of Hollywood film production, more than anything else, that increase the penalties for taking a stand and risking offending someone?

Fadiman mentions several sources from which the subsidies could come: theater-owners, the newly-formed American Film Institute, the American film industry itself, and the government—though he wisely doubts the efficacy of government grants. But there is no reason to assume that the theater-owners and the film industry would allow film arts to assert themselves any more freely than the government would.

The American Film Institute is our last hope, but it promises to be a good one. Why not, therefore, entrust the Institute with subsidies from theater-owners and the industry itself, with neither strings attached nor accounts to render?

ROBERT EMMETT DOLAN.

New York, N.Y.

DOES MR. FADIMAN really think that subsidization would improve the quality of motion pictures? In more than one instance, Hollywood has turned out films of exciting, penetrating, and provoking content—some of them on comparatively miserly budgets, one has read. The people responsible for them relied on their heads and their hearts, not on their bankrolls.

Mr. Fadiman gives the best solution near the end of his article—to wit: Let the film industry subsidize itself.

JACK HUGHES.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

NBC Dissents

IN HIS REVIEW of the TV special, *Khrushchev in Exile—His Opinions and Revelations* [TV AND RADIO, Aug. 5], Robert Lewis Shayon questioned the integrity of NBC News. Apparently, he failed to notice the credits following the program which documented in great detail most of the sources for the visual material—not all, but most.

One major source was withheld at his [Mr. Khrushchev's] request. Perhaps that was the source Mr. Shayon was questioning when he said: "NBC News has been less than candid in explaining how it came by the film and sound tapes showing the former Soviet Premier in retirement."

"I've worked my way from poverty to being $63,000 in debt."

With that sentence he has set a precedent. Does a reliable, established news organization have to reveal all it sources? If so, he missed the lead for his column.

Further, NBC News had no way of knowing if the Russians knew what was being filmed, and positively had no way of knowing if the Russians knew it was being done for NBC. NBC News made no "inference" about any of these elements. Mr. Shayon did. In fairness, he might have stated these two points: 1) NBC News did not ask permission of anybody to film or sound-tape Khrushchev; 2) nor did it ask anybody's permission in Russia to take out its material.

NBC News resents deeply the implication of deception and collusion.

JOSEPH DERBY,
Director, News Publicity,
National Broadcasting Company.

New York, N.Y.

Dolci's Silent Search

I THANK DANILO DOLCI for this expression of his credo as put forth in his article, "Tools for a New World" [*SR*, July 29]: "Every morning, before daylight has effaced the stars, I continue to search in silence, before plunging into active occupations: I know that to accept being lost in the complexity of this world . . . means to die a little." May more of us use the power of thought which is latent in us to "search in silence" to try to avoid "being lost in the complexity of this world" and thus not "to die a little" every day.

(MRS.) MILDRED CLAPP.

Meeker, Colo.

Re: Re-sensitization

REGARDING N.C.'S EDITORIAL, "Research and Re-sensitization" [*SR*, Aug. 5], the ultimate immorality of war and violence cannot be questioned by civilized men. The horrors of biological and germ warfare, napalm, and nuclear explosions should force mankind to forego so suicidal a way of "settling" disputes.

These weapons are an inseparable part of war itself, which sires them. Experience teaches us that as long as wars endure, all nations will try to outdo each other in potential destructiveness—each in the interest of its own security. Obviously, then, the substitution by general agreement of rule by international law, backed by sanctions against the legally determined offender, must be our goal. It is inevitable—if mankind can but survive our current insanities.

L. D. GALLOWAY.

Yucaipa, Calif.

N.C.'s EDITORIAL might well have been titled "Research and Religion." For, in our eagerness to get on with research, religion and ethics have been scrapped.

The people of the United States like to think we are a Christian nation. But when we kill and burn innocent women and children with napalm bombs, we are telling the world that we are a nation of barbarians.

J. ERNEST BRYANT.

Searsport, Me.

N.C. CLEARLY points up the age-old, unanswerable conflict between the realist and the idealist. They are both correct and they are both wrong. Had the democratic nations listened to the idealists in the late 1930s, we would all be dead or in slave labor camps. At the same time, to follow the practical policy of outdoing the other side in weapons research can lead to suicide for both sides. There is no honest answer.

CHAPIN F. WARNER.

Whately, Mass.

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House Divided

THE HOUSE version of *The Public Broadcasting Act of 1967* (H. R. 6736) has come out of committee and is headed, through the Rules Committee, to floor debate, with dangerous amendments that can cut the heart out of the whole concept of a vigorous, imaginative noncommercial radio-television alternative to the advertiser-supported network systems.

"In all very numerous assemblies," James Madison wrote in *The Federalist Papers* (No. 55), "passion never fails to wrest the scepter from reason." The Senate version of the bill (S. 1160) was well-considered and constructive, designed to sketch in the broad outlines of a viable, independent system, provide it with funds for launching, and give it a chance to show what it could do before more permanent policy and fiscal decisions were made. The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce (thirty-one members) mangled the Senate version in two weeks of badly managed hearings. The five-minute rule for questions prevented the development in depth of ideas: Congressmen wouldn't wait for their turn and left, and some Representatives still could not grasp the essential vision of public broadcasting as something more than classroom-instruction television and radio.

The whole House now has an opportunity to prove James Madison wrong. If it doesn't, the populous chamber will have rendered the nation a historic disservice, robbing it of a chance for a great leap forward in political and cultural enrichment which may never come again in quite the same form and at such a promising moment.

The most serious challenge was thwarted in the Committee's executive session; but Representative Albert Watson of South Carolina, who offered it and lost, has threatened to bring it up again on the House floor. Congressman Watson moved to strike out Title II of the Act, which would eliminate a Public Broadcasting Corporation that would make policy, insulate noncommercial broadcasters from federal political pressures, allocate funds to educational networks and stations, and generally encourage and lead the educational broadcasters into a new and grander role in the nation's communication experience. The vote was 18-13: it went generally along party lines, with Republicans in the negative.

Watson still fears the bogey of "thought control," doesn't trust the Act's words of insulation, and thinks that an administration can get around it in actual practice. He would rather see federal funds fed directly to the stations. If the House buys this argument, it will be condemning the stations to the small, splendid isolation of petty sovereignties —a trifle richer perhaps, but without a powerful, central heating system to keep them mutually interconnected and working as a cohesive force to make a maximum impact on the American mind. The whole House can further demonstrate Madisonian reason by striking out an absurd amendment adopted by the Committee at the behest of Representative J. J. Pickle of Texas, whose contribution to the Act was a definition of "educational television and radio programs." These are, the Act informs us, "programs which are primarily designed for educational or cultural purposes and not primarily for amusement or entertainment purposes."

This, of course, has been the position of many commercial broadcasters, who see no difficulty, apparently, in wrestling with the angels that dwell upon the pins of the overlapping ambiguities of education, culture, amusement, and entertainment, and who do not attempt to walk on the waters of the word "primarily."

"Mom, there's a live commercial at the door!"

Was Falstaff designed for the groundlings or for the philosophers? The Philharmonic, presumably, by this definition, could not be "entertainment."

Other amendments added to the Senate version of the bill by the House Committee proscribe editorializing by noncommercial stations and endorsement of political candidates, and call for "strict adherence to objectivity in all programs of a controversial nature." Such a passion for neutrality misreads the spirit of the American experiment in representative democracy. Our elected officials cannot "filter" the opinions on public questions of vast numbers of their constituents. By the adversary system in open debate, they must confront the citizens with zealous views so that wise choices may emerge from the clash of vigorous minds. Objectivity is a shibboleth. The only nonpartisans wear tombstones for hats.

The proper measure of a station's performance in the area of controversy is "the fairness doctrine." Educators are presumed to be the transmitters of community wisdom. Shall *they* be prohibited from presenting and advocating positions fairly, while the commercial broadcasters (who make slight claim to be more than escape purveyors) are encouraged by the FCC to editorialize, provided they take pains to present all sides of an issue themselves or make offers of time to partisans?

The House Committee, jealous of its fiscal prerogatives, cut the life of the Act from five to three years and provided funds for a public corporation for one year only, with a new ball game at the end of that year. This misses the point that any federal funds would be only "seed money" to help attract support from private sectors of the nation. If the government doesn't care, why should the foundations or the big corporations—or the public?

The House Committee authorized another $38,000,000 for Title I, the "facilities" section of the Act, for the construction and development of transmitters and studios. Congress has already invested a total of about $70,000,000 in brick and mortar for noncommercial broadcasting. How incongruous that some House members still have doubts about spending some money for programs, without which the structures are, in Whitehead's felicitous phrase, merely temples to the spirit of "misplaced concreteness." The entire intellectual community of the nation, the presidents of three commercial networks, and the National Association of Broadcasters support the reasonable Senate version. Let the House prove false the sad comment of Madison: "Had every Athenian citizen been a Socrates, every Athenian assembly would still have been a mob." —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Broken Leg Can't Run

THIS has been a bad summer for all of us who have believed in and worked for and been a little hopeful about the cause of civil rights for American Negroes. The riots have not only been destructive in themselves; they have strengthened the segregationists by giving them the support of large numbers of white people who hitherto had at worst been neutral. Already there are signs of the "backlash" legislation and vigilantism that we can expect.

On the other hand, it is obvious to most of us that the riots are the direct, perhaps the inevitable, result of conditions for which the white majority is responsible. Some things have been done to improve the conditions of city Negroes, but once more it is a matter of too little, too late. We have heard Mayor Cavanagh asking in bewilderment and pain, "Why Detroit?" The frightening answer is that even a municipality that has done more than most others hasn't done nearly enough.

If the riots could make the majority of Americans realize what life is like in the Negro slums, they might be worth all they have cost; but I am afraid they are more likely to arouse fear than compassion. There have been books, powerful books, that have tried to show us what these slums do to the people who live in them: Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land*, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, Piri Thomas's *Down These Mean Streets*, and other personal stories of that sort. But most of us don't want to know.

Julius Horwitz, author of sociological studies such as *The City*, has tried his hand at a documentary novel—*The W.A.S.P.* (Atheneum, $4.95). The title is not strictly accurate, for the central character is not the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant S. T. West but his Negro acquaintance, John Emerson. West is a prosperous New York lawyer of good family, a strong supporter of civil rights, and a devout Episcopalian. Emerson, who went through Exeter and Harvard on scholarships, entered Yale Divinity School but left because he didn't find God in New Haven. Since then he has lived in Harlem, taking odd jobs and working with young Negroes in a storefront church. The man who tells the story is John Brooks, director of a philanthropic foundation.

Brooks reports on his own observations in Harlem, tells of talks with Emerson, includes many letters from Emerson to West and a few from Emerson to him, and sometimes introduces stories by other characters. In these ways he presents a mass of material: on filth and vermin in Harlem tenements, on the extent of and reasons for drug addiction, on both female and male prostitution, on early pregnancies, on violence as a way of life for the young, and on police brutality. It is all horrible and, I'm afraid, believable.

At one point Emerson writes Brooks about a talk he had with a young Negro who had led his gang in an assault on a girl of fourteen or so on the floor of Emerson's storefront church:

> In his blue oxford button-down shirt and gray slacks the eighteen-year-old looked as though Washington Square was his natural habitat. But his natural habitat was emptiness. He told me that he had never seen his father, which wasn't unusual. He told me that when he was born his mother was on heroin and for the first few weeks he was a drug addict until the hospital detoxified him. He told me that when he was nine years old his mother was sent to the Women's House of Detention on Christopher Street for fifteen days. He said his mother was drunk and half crazy from caring for the five kids in the house. . . . He told me that when he was eleven his mother had syphilis. They lived on West 103rd Street then in a filthy welfare building and he heard screaming every night of his life there and most of the nights he had to sleep in the hallway while his mother took on customers when her welfare check ran out. He told me that one of his mother's customers tried to rape him, and his mother hit the customer on the head with a meat cleaver which she kept on the table for such emergencies.

The book is more documentary than novel. There are no living human beings in it; even Thomas Emerson, in whom it centers, is little more than a voice, though at times an eloquent one. Such scenes as there are seem contrived, and Horwitz doesn't know how to write plausible dialogue. There are two themes in the book that a real novelist might have made something of: one is West's feeling that he has never been able to become a friend of a Negro, even Emerson; the other is his notion that Emerson might commit "a murder that would reveal to America its crime against blackness." Horwitz fails to develop either theme.

While I was reading *The W.A.S.P.* the papers carried a letter that William Faulkner had written in 1960 to a former butler who asked him to contribute to the NAACP. "As I see it," he wrote, "your people must earn by being individually responsible to bear it, the freedom and equality they want and should have." I thought of a passage in

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one of Thomas Emerson's letters: "If only the windows were washed. If only the sidewalks were swept. If only the brass were polished. If only flowers were planted in windowboxes as they are on East 75th Street. Is that so difficult? Of course it is. Can you tell a man with a broken leg to run?"

Of Faulkner's deep concern with what is called the Negro problem there can be no doubt, but his failure to understand it, particularly as it had developed in the big cities, both South and North, was appalling. "As I see it," the letter continues, "if the people of your race are to have equality and justice as human beings in our culture, the majority of them have got to be changed completely from the way they now act. Since they are a minority, they must behave better than white people. They must be more respectable, more industrious, more literate and educated. They, not the law, have got to compel the white people to say, Please come and be equal with us."

It was to expose the fatuousness of such proposals that *The W.A.S.P.* was written. Faulkner was not merely asking a man with a broken leg to run; he was asking him to run faster than all the people whose legs were sound. It would have been more becoming for Faulkner to have asked white people to face up to their responsibility for the conditions that make such exhortations as his impertinent, in both senses of that word. Many white people do have a sense of responsibility, but, whatever their intentions, they have not done enough, and so we have riots. If Horwitz's book helps a few people to learn the right lesson from the riots, not the easy and false one, it will have accomplished something. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1256

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1256 will be found in the next issue.

J WEUH EB XFG FJBH EV

SAUXF SFJX EX SEZZ WUEBY.

—JCWUAVG WEGUIG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1255

The total absence of humor from the Bible is one of the most singular things in all literature.

—ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Bismarck Loved Peace?

HANS KOHN SHOULD HAVE CONCENTRATED on reviewing Louis Snyder's *The Blood and Iron Chancellor* [*SR*, Aug. 19] instead of trying to convince the readers that his views (Kohn's) of Bismarck *circa* 1920 still hold water today. If Mr. Kohn is seeking troublemakers and the disruptors of a general European peace, he should re-examine the careers of the jingoist Kaiser, the inexperienced Caprivi, the nondescript Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, the short-sighted and inept von Bülow and, finally, the naïve and unimaginative buffoon Bethmann-Hollweg. These men destroyed the peace of Europe, not the lover of peace (past 1871) Bismarck.

MICHAEL WARREN.

Champaign, Ill.

Tolerance (Cont.)

I AM AMAZED AT YOUR SHOW of toleration, nay your naïveté, in publishing the letter of a certain Paul Nord from New York City, N.Y. [*SR*, Aug. 12]. You ought to know that no letter inimical to, or even faintly critical, of the deposed Greek régime could get out of Mr. Nord's residence, or any letter adverse to Andreas Papandreou, for that matter. It should have been obvious to you that Paul Nord in writing his letter to you was offering a service to the almost-in-power Aspida Society. Well, he was lucky enough to achieve his aim, thanks to your ostentatious broadmindedness.

Robert J. Clements should tell Mr. P. N. that the present group now governing Greece fought Communism before the other Greeks did, when they opposed and fought the Communism imported during the Truman years and suffered many hurts and evils.

Mr. Papandreou has shown Mr. Nord that the second Trojan horse turned out to be a jackass.

EUSTACE FRANK O'CONNOR.

Orleans, Mass.

Shared Discoveries

BOTH AS READER AND TEACHER I should like to applaud the suggestion of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Walter [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Aug. 19] that *Saturday Review* institute a column wherein the vast numbers of anonymous readers would have an opportunity to speak their minds pro or con with regard to the books they have read.

All of us have had the adventure of stumbling across a previously unheard-of book and discovering with delight a worth and a significance which make sharing our discovery an absolute must. So great in fact is the appeal of Mrs. Walter's idea that I am already engaged in trying to decide which one of some ten or eleven unsung novels read this summer I should most like to share with readers of *Saturday Review*.

ROBERT L. CROSS.

Clemson, S.C.

A SPLENDID SUGGESTION, which I urge you to consider seriously. Opening the *SR* columns to readers, of course, has certain perils. You will have to cope with Special Interests and no doubt (if you'll forgive the pun) undercover agents of some publishers—to say nothing of practicing experts in nepotism.

Withal, though, you would expand the involvement of your readers with *SR* and you probably would find an occasional gem of comment—particularly on books which escaped your notice in the helter-skelter pandemonium of the publishers' output.

PATRICK KELLY.

Saint Leo, Fla.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE A "CRITIC." Make it a whole page of book criticism by readers. Of course set two- or three-line limit to give all a chance to be quoted. Do not limit it to recent books but any books of even years ago people may have read again.

Above should be done also for movies, plays, art, etc., so that any local talent can also be reported.

ISAAC SCHNEIDER.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

I THINK IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to read such a variety of evaluation. Only, please, preserve your hallmark of quality.

I suggest that you include a play or two of particular merit, literary or other, in the book review section instead of the theater section. The criterion of stage production is certainly not a literary one. Yet, we have been using it, unchallenged, as *the* criterion for evaluating a literary work. Selah.

J. ARROWSMITH.

Gainesville, Fla.

SUCH A COLUMN would be an interesting addition to your already interesting magazine. You might consider limiting the readers' comments to fifty or seventy-five words (or 100). This would discourage amateur critics and make room for more letters per column.

On the other hand, amateur criticism might be interesting. I assume you would sort out letters that were poorly written.

R. D. CARTER.

Marion, Ind.

THIS IS A VERY GOOD SUGGESTION. I have found books at the libraries—current books—I do not remember reading reviews of in *SR* or elsewhere.

RANDALL RUBENSTEIN.

New York, N.Y.

IF ANY MAGAZINE is to initiate such a feature, it seems logical that it be *Saturday Review*.

JOSEPH A. SNOOK, JR.

Kutztown, Pa.

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European Literary Scene

PARIS.

Arriving in town too late for the summer's particularly successful spectacles at the Théâtre des Nations and the Marais Festival, one feels vaguely cheated. However, one observes that De Gaulle's impolitic inciting of the Québec Separatists has at least aroused a flurry of interest in French-Canadian writing. Alain Bosquet has just published an augmented volume of his anthology of French-Canadian verse, and during a panel discussion resulting from this edition he discussed their literature with three Canadians, Anne Hébert, Jean-Guy Pilon, and Yves Préfontaine. All agreed that the symptomatic keyword of that literature today—and especially of the poetry of Québec—is liberty. Indeed, the title of the first literary review in their part of Canada was *Liberté*. Pilon recalled that his first work, *Recours au pays*, was reviewed in France, but nowhere in Canada. Anne Hébert complained that during her youth Racine's *Phèdre* was available only in an "expurgated" edition and Rimbaud's "*Bateau ivre*" not to be found at all. Robert Lacour-Gayet's *Histoire du Canada* (Fayard) expresses again the French grievance that Canada has never shown equal respect for its two cultures.

Of the few French-language authors in Switzerland who are read and honored in France, none has fared better recently than Charles-Ferdinand Ramuz, author of the unforgettable *Derborance* and more than twenty other novels. France and Switzerland both are observing the anniversary of his death in Lausanne two decades ago. The *Oeuvres complètes* published by Mermod of Lausanne between 1940 and 1955 are now being supplanted by a more definitive edition (Editions Rencontre). Gide, Cocteau, and Céline all recognized Ramuz as a fine technician. Long a resident of Paris, he collaborated with Stravinsky on the *Histoire du soldat*. No one ever word-painted the Swiss mountains and valleys, particularly between the cantons of Vaud and Valais, so unforgettably. New biographies and studies will also mark the anniversary.

Two pleasant new books on the bullfight have just arrived from Taurus in Madrid. Spain so identifies the *corrida* as an art that when the great literary historian Menéndez y Pelayo was writing his monumental *History of Aesthetic Ideas in Spain* he intended to add a sixth and final volume on the esthetics of the bullfight. Only his death deprived us of this challenging analysis. *Crónicas taurinas* is an anthology of poems, excerpts from novels, and bullfight reviews of high literary quality, running from Quevedo's long poem "*Fiesta de toros*" of 1623 to the account of a triumphal performance by Magritas as recorded in Madrid's Falangist newspaper *Arriba* in 1950. This is a more modest companion volume to Taurus's *Los toros en la literatura*, once mentioned in these columns. The *Cancionero popular taurino* (also from Taurus) is a splendid collection of ballads and *coplas* from the Hispanic world thematically classified under glory, love, the bull, fiesta, death, fear, and then, surprisingly, humor. Should you like a quick sample of a comic Gypsy *copla* in the dialect of Málaga:

> You asked me for a proof of love:
> I cannot deny it to you.
> I'll cut off my *coleta* [matador's queue]
> And then let's have no more words about it.

Some critics like to condemn books one at a time. Others, like Malcolm Muggeridge and Nabokov, prefer to dismiss entire generations of writers in a fell swoop. Take Muggeridge's summation of modern literature, written from Robertsbridge, Sussex, to the *Times*: "In literature and the arts [in my lifetime] nothing has been done which will be of any major interest to posterity, and a good deal that will invite derision and even contempt. As I see it, posterity (assuming that there are any and that they're interested) will have the greatest difficulty in understanding how we could possibly regard a book like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as anything but fatuous beyond words, a novelist like E. M. Forster as any more than irretrievably second-rate, the later Picasso as anything but a bad joke, *Ulysses* and still more *Finnegans Wake* as other than total incoherence which, had it not been for the smut, would long since have been totally forgotten, if indeed ever noticed." This makes Nabokov's dismissal of twentieth-century literature sound optimistic. He at least admitted that three good books had been written since 1900, apparently two besides *Lolita*.

Italy lavishes much affection on her triumvirate of "youngest" poets (as this year's Modena Congress of Writers called them), Ungaretti (born 1888), Montale (1896), and Quasimodo (1901). The expansive Ungaretti appeared on the initial poetry program at Spoleto this summer and stole the show from the hirsute Allen Ginsberg (now published in Italian by Mondadori). Eugenio Montale received an honorary degree from Cambridge, the fourth Italian in a century to receive such laurels. Establishing a precedent other countries might copy, President Saragat has named Montale a lifetime Senator of the Republic "for having added to the luster of the fatherland with his lofty merits in the field of literature."

Bilingual editions are usually a sign of pure altruism on the part of a publisher. More than twice as expensive as a monolingual version of the same work because of the added cost of imposition, they are almost always a financial risk. For this reason we should be grateful for two just issued in the States. Friedrich Hölderlin's *Poems and Fragments*, with translations by the capable Michael Hamburger (University of Michigan Press), is one of the most spacious two-language volumes I have seen. The English equivalents are faithful to the original meters and cadences. Equally welcome is *Antiworlds and the Fifth Ace*, by the young Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky (Doubleday Anchor). Varied in tone, contemporary in spirit, free in inspiration, Voznesensky can be even more worrisome to the Soviets than is Yevtushenko. Doubleday here uses the two-phase method of translation (which is also the policy followed in Russian official translation projects from the less familiar languages): literal versions were supplied to a team of poets including Richard Wilbur, Stanley Kunitz, and W. H. Auden (who admits in the preface that he knows no Russian). Kunitz is the translator of "Self-Portrait," written when Voznesensky was under pressure to confess his ideological errors. At one point the poet's other self rationalizes with him:

> "Dear Russian Poesy," he croaks, "how do you do!
> Would you prefer a knife, or a .22?
> Aren't you a genius? Then let the tumult pass,
> Or play the cynic and recant.
> Why not lick the front page of the *Gazette* and in a wink
> Roll your own confession like a cigarette?"

Voznesensky never did recant under the personal attacks of Khrushchev, of course. When reprimanded and told not to forget the harsh words of this ruler, the poet assured the Soviet Writers' Union ironically that he would indeed long remember them.

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

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One Brief, Shining Moment

Glynis Johns and Elliott Arnold —thriller involving 8,000 people.

For my money—or even that of someone who has money—Elliott Arnold is the luckiest of men. He is handsome, the author of *A Night of Watching* (Scribners, $5.95), a novel climbing the best-seller lists, and he is married to Glynis Johns, the lovely actress with the scratchy voice that makes me think of a fingernail toying lightly with my spine. Well, now that we've established my jealousy of Mr. Arnold, let's talk to him about his novel, which is built on a bedrock of historical fact: in 1943 the Danish Underground within two weeks smuggled almost the entire Jewish population of Denmark—some 8,000 people—to safety in Sweden.

The question that started us off as I remember it (my notes are poor, as I kept listening to Mr. Arnold but looking at Miss Johns) was why was his book on its way to popularity. What makes a best-seller?

"Well, the reviews I've seen so far keep pointing out that here is an incident of man's humanity to man. Everyone seems to focus on this marvelous thing that happened once, a time of beauty in history when a tiny country took a moral stand and made it stick. It's—oh, a Martini, a breath of fresh air, and people are grateful. I can understand why. To even look at a newspaper today is a traumatic thing. Everyone is shouting hatred, bile at each other."

Mr. Arnold, a soft-spoken man, paused to look across the table at his wife—I joined him in that—and then he continued: "But, you know, the greatest statement of integrity, morality, what-have-you in fiction will go unread unless you tell a story. A book has to be entertaining, gripping; it has to have something to make you turn the page. You have to create people readers will react to. That terrible old cliché—identification. Look, I don't know what makes a book sell, but I do know that if the reader doesn't sweat as he reads, the book is dead.

"My novel is built from truth, but if it stands it is as a work of fiction. The fact that it happened is a bonus. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* stands, not because of history, but because it is a work of art. Today most people reading *War and Peace* don't give a damn about tsarist politics. We probably skim the pages Tolstoy cared most about. But the human values—love, hate—this is what stands today.

"I'm not trying to tie myself up with Tolstoy and Hemingway, understand? Just trying to make a point about fiction. You know, I'm so much a newspaperman—I was one for years—with a newspaperman's respect for dates and facts that there have been times as a fiction writer when I've found myself falling between two stools—history and emotion—and that can be disastrous.

"I've found—and this is pretty scary for me—that I don't believe that anybody really writes when they *write*. I'm a transmission belt, something between what's inside and what comes out. The best writing is the writing that comes easiest. The parts I sweated over and did again and again are usually the worst. I'm forcing a character or an attitude.

"The research for this book took me to Denmark several times. I especially remember going up to Elsinore. You can look across to Sweden, only two miles away. I tried to project my mind back to the peculiar agony the people must have felt under Hitler. They could see Sweden at night, a necklace of lights—no blackout, no stink of wood-burning automobiles. They must have felt like hungry children outside of a candy store. You know, there was a saying among the occupying Germans: 'Six months in Denmark makes a weak Nazi.' Hitler was very disturbed by what happened to his men in Denmark. Having been exposed to the decency and maturity of the Danes, a good sea change came over many of them.

"Maybe that's what the book is saying that reaches people. If you accept that good can rub off on evil and effect a change, or at least plant the seeds of doubt, then you are saying a very important thing. If that statement can be worked into a thriller involving 8,000 people—well, obviously, it was an irresistible combination to me or I couldn't have written the book."

A final question. What was Miss Johns doing on Mr. Arnold's publicity trek? "Well, I'm not allowed to say much ever," she began and was interrupted by her husband.

"Glynis comes in . . ."

She interrupted him. ". . . if the interviewer is missing the point, or if the interview is getting unbalanced. If the interviewer hasn't read the book, I'm much more helpful. I know women who wouldn't buy the book if they thought it was only a political book. The point has to be made that this is an emotional book, an entertaining book that covers an enormous amount of ground."

"We've been married three years," Mr. Arnold said, "and I think something of what makes us work is that Glynis knows the hells that I go through as a writer. People can't understand that two hours on a stage or three hours at a typewriter can be a long, hard day's work. But, of course, Glynis knows. She's an absolute perfectionist about her own work. We are not competing with each other, yet by our work we can understand each other's private hells."

Miss Johns gave a lovely little purr, and the interview ended as I noticed that I had just snapped my pen in half.

CAUTION
CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

To the left is not only the standard statement required on all cigarette packages, but also a pop poem, one of the many collected (found? arranged? help!) by Ronald Gross in a paperback volume entitled *Pop Poems* (Simon & Schuster, $1.95). Mr. Gross, who does not look even remotely psychedelic but rather like a Madison Avenue Anthony Newley, kept patting me on my square little head and assuring me that his pop poems were not a put-on. "A pop poem is a found poem, a hunk of language that was not written with literary intentions. Yet when it is properly presented, like pop art, it commands the attention of the reader because it is funny, bizarre, revealing.

"I would trace these found poems, as I would pop art, back to the readymades, such as the bottle rack and the urinal Marcel Duchamp began dragging into galleries back in the Thirties. And then there's Warhol's Brillo boxes and soup cans. The found, the *objet trouvé*, has been in existence in the arts for decades. Found objects in sculpture are commonplace. Do you know that recently there was a theater where you could

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go and just watch people living on the stage?

"Yet in poetry people will stand for anything except presenting language you didn't write yourself. But why can't you? For me pop poetry expresses the same kind of sensibility as pop art. Pop poetry takes hunks of language from the Niagara of words in which we are all submerged, and by suddenly focusing on them makes us see them sharply in the McLuhan sense. By turning up to full volume this undercurrent that booms around us—the ads, the television jingles, etc.—you can immediately see how grotesque it is. S. I. Hayakawa told me that he is reading these things at the beginning of his lectures with devastating effect. It absolutely knocks his listeners on their cans.

"People take the language environment they live in for granted as if there is nothing that can be done about it. Yet it's polluting the environment. The national advertising campaigns are so successful that their messages are ground into your cortex. Nobody reads poetry, yet people listen to jingle ads on television and respond delightedly to a poetic stimulation they are unaware of, but still they don't realize that there is something they can do about it.

"Pop poetry is poetry with a social purpose: to make the language environment visible. I'm talking pure McLuhan. My criterion for a found poem is that nothing new must be added, nothing essential taken away. The layout is important. Take the message on the cigarette pack. Note the layout, how I've set it up. I worked on that for two weeks. Layout is absolutely integral. I suppose there will be people who will be affronted by *Pop Poems*, but I hope they will take a second look.

"I'm going on toward probing the language environment with even more powerful devices than I've used in *Pop Poetry*. I'm thinking of using computers to generate poetry, and I'm interested in programs that stimulate the reader to his own poems, based on the assumption that everybody is, in a sense, a master of his language. This raises the possibility that given the proper stimulus anybody's poetry can be interesting."

Mr. Gross, who is married, clean-shaven, and the father of two children, works by day for the Academy for Educational Development, which, to quote from its brochure, "serves schools, colleges, universities, government agencies, corporations, foundations, and other organizations concerned with improving education and desiring to develop educational plans for the future." In his office Mr. Gross has a large canvas by Jim Dines with a raincoat hanging from it. "I guess you might say I am submerged in pop art."

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

They Lost the War in One Battle

Incredible Victory, *by Walter Lord (Harper & Row. 331 pp. $5.95), recreates America's defeat of the Japanese Pacific fleet at Midway Island in 1942. SR's managing editor Richard L. Tobin was a war correspondent in London for the New York Herald Tribune during the Second World War.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

THE FACTS are all there, certainly. But the facts are all there in any encyclopedia. The writing does not soar to the stars, as in Churchill or Saint-Exupéry, though the style is arresting. It is gripping material which Walter Lord has chosen; but then, other World War II books have had dramatic tales to tell. Yet no one else has come up to *Incredible Victory,* Walter Lord's new book about the extraordinary U.S. Navy-air victory known as the Battle of Midway.

Like Bruce Catton, Lord knows the value of tiny incidents, of quick reversals, of the lightness of familiar words, of human touches one doesn't forget. You are there, no doubt about it, an armchair adventurer watching breathlessly as the great Japanese Pacific fleet is turned back by a handful of brave, dedicated Americans, many of them amateur sailors and aviators, in the most decisive and significant naval action since Trafalgar.

Fifteen planes in a U.S. torpedo squadron take off from one of the three available American carriers, and none of the fifteen survives. Twenty-one out of twenty-seven in another fighter group do not return to their battered floating landing field. From beginning to end the Americans "have no right to win"; yet win they do, and thereby change the course of history. Enough bombs have struck old *Yorktown* to have sent her to the bottom several times over and all personnel have abandoned her, yet still she floats and it takes the worst bad luck —chance contact with a stray Japanese submarine—to keep her from limping back to Pearl Harbor. Old-time sailors cry openly as she goes down.

Then there's the wholly separate story of Commander Joseph J. Rochefort, Jr., who breaks the Japanese naval code not once but twice, and whose brilliant intelligence reports tell Admirals Nimitz and Halsey not only that the whole Japanese fleet is about to attack Midway Island but when and how it will be done, and in what order the Emperor's battleships, heavy cruisers, aircraft carriers, and escort vessels will move. And he does it by pure reasoning from a 10-15-per-cent reading of Japanese fleet orders. Nimitz's war plans officer wants to know if the *Kamikawa Maru* may not simply be heading for her home port,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

GO-GO!

Is a book or play twice as good if its title consists of a doubled word or phrase? Here are ten titles that fall into that category, and it took a pair of unwitting collaborators to provide the list: Eleanore Machlowitz of Philadelphia and James Killen of Chicago. They want you to fill in the blanks and assign each title to the right author. Answers on page 39.

William Faulkner ( )	1. A_____, A_____!
Paul Gauguin ( )	2. A__ - A__
Rumer Godden ( )	3. A_____ A_____
Harry Golden ( )	4. A_____! A_____!
Thor Heyerdahl ( )	5. C__ - C__
Elia Kazan ( )	6. E_____, E_____!
Jean Kerr ( )	7. G_____, G_____
Cole Porter and Abe Burrows ( )	8. M___, M___
Howard Spring ( )	9. M_ ____, M_ ____!
P. G. Wodehouse ( )	10. N__ N__

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and Rochefort says quietly, "Well, if she is, that would be doing a tonsillectomy through the rectum."

Enterprise and *Hornet* have arrived in the area just too late for the Battle of the Coral Sea (which halted a Japanese invasion of Australia), and they, along with old *Yorktown*, badly damaged but repaired by miracle dock workers in three days, set off to intercept the enemy. There are no U.S. battleships left in the Pacific; they've all been sunk at Pearl Harbor. The enemy has eleven battleships steaming toward Midway. The Americans have eight cruisers, the Japanese twenty-three. The Yanks own three carriers, one of them crippled; the enemy has eight. The shore defenses at Midway go back to the turn of the century. Not one of the U.S. Navy pilots has ever been in combat before, and seventeen out of twenty-one Marine pilots are just out of school, some with less than four hours' flying time. The Japanese are veteran flyers and they have the Zero, the greatest fighting plane in the world, capable of speeds far beyond anything available to Admiral Spruance.

And yet, when a faithful PBY (what a great old seaplane she was!) spots the whole Japanese fleet and stalks it for hours by dodging through broken cloud west of Midway, the U.S. fleet orders are to attack. In seven minutes three crack Japanese carriers, *Akagi, Kaga,* and *Soryu,* are sinking, and with them the boastful hopes of Yamamoto and Nagumo. It is truly a miracle; Churchill says of Midway: "At one stroke, the dominant position of Japan in the Pacific was reversed. The annals of war at sea present no more intense, heart-shaking shock." The U.S. fleet is safe, Midway is safe, California is safe; from June 1942 on the war is a losing effort for the unannounced attackers of Pearl Harbor.

WALTER Lord traveled 30,000 miles and interviewed 400 participants to gather firsthand information for *Incredible Victory.* As in *A Night to Remember,* Mr. Lord describes events simultaneously first from one then from the opposite point of view; and the most fascinating sections of the book are based on authentic Japanese naval records and the personal diaries of those in command of the Emperor's unbeatable fleet as they realize they have lost the war in a single battle. All considered hara-kiri on the spot, and a few performed it as their ships settled into the warm mid-Pacific water.

As previously mentioned, one of Walter Lord's best touches is his use of little things to dramatize great events. Just before the Midway attack is launched the Japanese naval aristocracy gives a victory dinner for Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto. The menu must include a carefully selected sea bream called *tai,* cooked whole. *Tai* broiled in salt means good luck, as every Japanese knows; this time the excited chef has broiled it in bean paste, which, as every Japanese also knows, means crowning good luck with bad. Petty Officer Heijiro Omi is chewed out for it later, but the omen is fixed. The reader may even begin to believe it as the book unfolds.

One of *Yorktown*'s chaplains sighs as his escape raft moves clear of the sinking ship. "Well," he says, "there goes twenty years' sermon notes." Commander Brockman of the *Nautilus,* the only U.S. submarine to strike a blow at Midway, cautiously approaches the island days after victory with no idea how the battle has turned out until he sees through his salt-encrusted periscope an American flag fluttering high above Sand Island command post. A U.S. sailor named Lytells loads fifty-four five-inch projectiles in a minute and forty-five seconds at the height of the Japanese attack on *Yorktown*—and each shell weighs fifty-seven pounds!

But the Japanese people are never told of their disastrous defeat at Midway. The wounded are kept from their families on arrival at homeland hospitals; no one who was aboard any ship at Midway is allowed into Tokyo on peril of arrest, and Masanori Ito, Japan's leading military commentator, examines the "facts" and declares, "The brilliant war results obtained are beyond all imagination." General Marshall in Washington comes a lot nearer the truth: "The closest squeak and the greatest victory."

That it was, and it is now imperishably recorded by a master narrator.

On Thin Ice in the Cold War

Worlds in Conflict: The Current Crisis in American Foreign Policy, *by D. W. Brogan (Harper & Row. 133 pp. $4.50), advises us against involvement in other nations' problems that we didn't create and cannot solve. Russell Barnes, retired Detroit News foreign correspondent, was the U.S. press officer at the Cairo and Teheran conferences.*

By RUSSELL BARNES

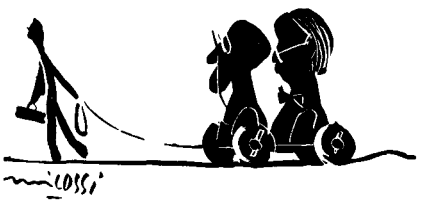
THE MAIN theme of D. W. Brogan's critical but sympathetic study of present U.S. foreign policy, which originated to deal with the Communist Cold War, is that it no longer fits the conditions of a vastly changed globe. He thinks that as a nation we are dangerously overextended, and "may be making a series of expensive mistakes by seeing everything that happens in the world in the light of an 'irrepressible conflict' between the 'free world' and the 'Communist world.'" Mr. Brogan tactfully advises the United States to drop moralistic approaches to international problems, and to substitute new foreign policies based purely and toughly on manifest national interests.

Brogan, who teaches in England's Cambridge University, specializes on interpreting American history and politics. Early in his introduction he makes his basic point that a new and unpredictable era has opened in world affairs.

> It seems to be obvious that we are faced not with changes and modifications in the Cold War, but with something like the breakup of the ice in the springtime on a great American river or on the Volga. The barriers which the long winter has created are coming down in every part of the world: the ice-floes are bumping against each other before dissolving; all the currents released from the grip of winter are flowing with great and possibly dangerous speed in rather undefined directions. The waters from the great streams are spreading over the landscape and it will be a long time before they settle and allow us to see again some permanent Mount Ararats, not only in Asia but all over the world.

Clearly, Mr. Brogan is correct in his statement that the Cold War patterns established after World War II are now badly shattered. The Atlantic Alliance still exists but has been gravely weakened by Gaullists, not only in France but also in other Western European countries. The Soviet Union has lost control of the Warsaw Pact nations. The Moscow-Peking feud has fragmented the world Communist movement, perhaps irretrievably. China appears to be sinking into civil war. The Arab-Israeli conflict has made the future of the Middle East unpredictable. The newly-independent African states are tending toward totalitarianism and military dic-

(*Continued on page* 36)



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Journey Toward Rebirth

The Heights of Macchu Picchu, *by Pablo Neruda, translated from the Spanish by Nathaniel Tarn (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 71 pp. $4.50), probes beneath the exhausted surface of life for the source of vital creativity. M. L. Rosenthal, whose most recent book is "The New Poets: American and British Poetry Since World War II," is professor of English at NYU.*

By M. L. ROSENTHAL

IN 1949 the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, then forty-five, made a speech in which he turned against the work of his youth. That work included the very popular *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair* (1924) and his surrealist-oriented poetry of private disillusionment in the two-volume *Residence Upon the Earth* (1933 and 1935).

The self-denunciation was political. Neruda had been assigned by the Chilean diplomatic service to Spain just before the Civil War broke out. He sympathized with the Loyalists; the iron of revolutionary militancy entered his poetry, and he became a Communist who wrote his quota of "heroic" rhetorical verse. By the time of the 1949 speech he was able to attack such figures as Eliot and even Sartre as "apostles of the great charnel-house that is being prepared" and as "active microbes of destruction" engaged in "annihilating men morally." His own early writings, he said, were of the same order, bearing "the marks of bitterness of a dead epoch."

> A whole decaying system has spread deadly vapors over the field of culture; and many of us have contributed in good faith to making more unbreathable the air which belongs not only to us but to all men, those living as well as those to come. . . .

Interestingly, the beautiful twelve-part sequence *The Heights of Macchu Picchu,* written in 1945, is not among the poems thus repudiated. Neruda allowed it to be printed in the selected translated editions of his work, including one in English that appeared in 1949 and 1950. As Robert Pring-Mill points out in his fine introduction to Nathaniel Tarn's new translation, the first five poems of the sequence are "almost a recapitulatory survey of the different moods and settings of his previous poetry." To sustain the figure developed in Neruda's speech, a certain Baudelairean despair still pollutes the atmosphere in this work despite the poet's attempt through his central image to get beyond the despair to a more wholesome ambiance—to move "from air to air," as he says in his opening line. Marxism and "decadent" esthetic-ism collaborate oddly here. They create an incompletely convincing yet most suggestive structure.

The Heights of Macchu Picchu is, in fact, a typical modern poetic sequence: an account and contemplation of a symbolic journey through our malaise of spirit toward a vision of rebirth or renewal or at least possibility. Certain of its effects suggest comparable ones in Hart Crane and in T. S. Eliot— the subtle shifts of association and of tone, the feeling for the musical structure of a poem, the introspection that touches all contemporary sensibility. In his very thinking Neruda is part of the international movement, involving these two poets and many others, that has subjected the life of urban man to severe and intimate scrutiny. The city is the new, secular Inferno. It destroys the life-energy of man, reduces him to a "rodent wanderer through dense streets" *("el roedor de las calles esposas").*

PROBING for "the jasmine of our exhausted human spring," in an imagery at once indirect and erotic, the sequence tries to get beneath the exhausted surface of life to the quick of things within. The speaker searches out the elusive source of the vital creativity that alone can make even death meaningful because in its wake human achievement—"permanence of stone and language"—can persist. The remarkable first poem in the sequence introduces the quest with exquisite subtlety and urgency. The next four show the reduction of man from the greater and graver dimensions of which he is capable to the meanly personal and scavenging animalism imposed by a squalid age. In the sixth poem the Macchu Picchu of the title is introduced—the abandoned Inca city in the Peruvian Andes whose ruins were rediscovered only in our century and which Neruda visited in 1943.

The second half of the sequence is then devoted to contemplation of the geometrically designed city as a transcendent "life of stone after so many lives," symbol of our need to repossess the past of American man before he was

—From a portrait by Carlo Levi.

Pablo Neruda—a new, secular Inferno.

demeaned by a system of industrial exploitation and mass-life. Macchu Picchu —at least, the Macchu Picchu of the revolutionary poet's imagination—becomes the embodiment of truly human vision which alone can counteract "the condor's shadow" that "cruises as ravenous as would a pirate ship." (*"La sombra sanguinaria/ del cóndor curza como una nave negra."*) The time-mysticism of all this is not identical with Eliot's or even with the more secular Hart Crane's, but it approaches the perspectives developed by these poets and many other moderns including Ezra Pound. A more specifically humanitarian and Marxian emphasis is introduced in the final three poems, which recall that the labor which went into the building of the Inca city was that of living men, slaves, who share a certain forced anonymity with their latter-day brothers but who, by the poet's spokesmanship for the myriads of exploited through the centuries, are summoned into the fellowship of creative mankind nevertheless.

The Heights of Macchu Picchu is judged by Pring-Mill to be Neruda's finest poem, and this may well be the case. It is marred by some momentarily facile oratorical notes, and by a tendentiousness – admittedly muted – inseparable from the public role Neruda has felt he must play since his early thirties. However, the poem's richly varied dynamics and swelling symphonic structure, as well as its miraculous effects of rhythm and phrasing in individual sections, far outweigh its weaknesses for the most part. Nathaniel Tarn's translation, conscientious and suggestive, misses some of the rhythmic and echoing cues and too often sacrifices a chance to evoke the sound and syntax of the original. It does, though, catch the luxuriant ambiguity, the delicate exploration, and the power of many passages. Since the Spanish and English are given on facing pages, the reader may compete with the translator.

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Brothers in Loss

Randall Jarrell, 1914-1965, *edited by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor, and Robert Penn Warren (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 308 pp. $6.50), collects tributes to the late poet from his peers. Reed Whittemore is the author of "Boy from Iowa: Poems and Essays," "Self-Made Man and Other Poems," and "Little Magazines."*

By REED WHITTEMORE

MOST of the tributes in this book honoring a poet now two years dead are from his generation, but elders are also present—John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Van Wyck Brooks, Marianne Moore—and one or two younger writers. The majority knew Jarrell well and speak as insiders. The prevailing tone is that of a tight little community or club, with branches in Greensboro, Nashville, Kenyon, Bloomington, and some apartments in New York. It is the old Fugitive club brought up to date and infiltrated by a few Northerners. Although Tate observes that Jarrell "would have none of the Fugitive tradition," nor would he "allow himself to be a Southerner," the others tend to refute him.

Everybody in the book is a bit tense about the club, and I am too as I write this. While naturally warm and full of praise for Jarrell personally, the insiders have their eye constantly on the club and its importance. The outsiders are not really outside; they are merely outside enough to be critical of it, like Karl Shapiro, who "sent in [his] resignation to [his] generation," or humble toward it, like Robert Phelps, who observes that though he never knew Jarrell he once "stood in front of the building where his office must have been." Jarrell emerges as an exciting, temperamental, unpredictable club member, and his poetry, fiction, and criticism are generously characterized and commented upon. Yet the reminiscences and commentaries sometimes have the displacement charge of a dream. What is really being talked about? The club.

Only Shapiro has the temerity to question the club and try to evaluate Jarrell's talents in relation to the world outside it. In many respects, Shapiro says, Jarrell was a conventional club member who complained with the rest of them about Mass Culture and shared with them an image of the poet as an isolated figure of whose existence the public was unaware. And like them he was a moderate, not inclinded to throw culture and public away and start over. The revolution that Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* helped start, and is now a marker for, was a throwing-away and a starting-over; it was therefore not an event that either Jarrell or the club could tolerate. With *Howl*, Shapiro says, Jarrell and the club were left behind by their own art, brothers in loss.

But there Jarrell's club affiliation stopped. He had concerns outside the club and saw its limitations. He "was not antiscientific and . . . understood that science was not necessarily the intruder in the house"; he tried to catch the flavor of bourgeois speech; and he was, in a war generation, one of the few who succeeded in writing well about war. He was therefore "hung up," says Shapiro, by his mixed allegiance to a club of moribund principles and a country of animated hoola hoops:

> He came of a generation that could not hate Mother America but which was afraid of her and for her. There is no one of our generation who betrayed her or who tried to topple the Victorian Statue of Liberty into the drink. Jarrell was the least anti-American of all of us, and the most. He recoiled from the boredom and the horror of day-to-day life. But what he did in his poetry, which had never really been done before, was to face the modern scene. . . . He faced the music of the American Way of Life.

Shapiro contrasts Jarrell with the other club members, who "are so busy climbing Mount Everest that they don't know what millennium they are in." The observation seems just. I never met Jarrell, and have not perhaps the right with Shapiro to say that I resigned from the club; but I am knowledgeable about it, and reading the club's contributions to this volume I was depressed anew by the club-serving and self-serving character of many of the statements. At least three poet-contributors sorrowfully protest the public's neglect of poets, and help Jarrell shoulder the heavy burden of culture itself with unseemly ease. One says wistfully that Jarrell "had nothing to protect himself against the world but his splendid laughter and the immense naked courage behind it." Another asserts that Jarrell single-handedly, in 1953, assured the position of Frost and Whitman in American poetry. And several accord Jarrell immortality as if it went with club membership. That Jarrell was an influential and talented man need not be doubted to question the objectivity of such panegyric.

Only Shapiro, with resignation in hand, and possibly Alfred Kazin, who also writes as an outsider, seem able to deal with Randall Jarrell without tying in the club and pretentious assumptions about it.

"It's not 'Levez-vous votre mains!' It's 'Haut les mains!'"

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Treasure House of New York's Past

The Iconography of Manhattan Island, 1498-1909, *by Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes (Arno Press Mcgraw-Hill. Facsimile edition. 6 vols., 5,000 pp. Set, $795), reprints a remarkable collection of annotated prints, drawings, and maps of old New York. Allan Nevins's many books on American history include "Herbert H. Lehman and His Era."*

By ALLAN NEVINS

THE APPEARANCE of this new edition of a classic work, which stands as the cornerstone of studies in the history of Manhattan Island and New York City, will be gratefully hailed by scholars of geography, history, and all the arts. Indeed, it is a piece of civic good fortune that a work long restricted in circulation and use is now available for general public reference.

When Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes brought out his great set in 1915-1928, issuing it privately, it was at once recognized as a unique feat in the graphic presentation of the growth of a metropolis. Nothing of the sort had been done, or could be done, for London, Paris, Rome, or any other of the large cities of the world. Only the collaboration of three remarkable men—Mr. Stokes, a devoted and wealthy collector of materials who was at the same time a meticulous scholar; Walter H. Gillies, a truly distinguished master-printer, and Robert H. Dodd, an expert and public-spirited publisher—could have prepared and presented this treasure house. They enlisted the aid of such unusual and devoted scholars as Victor H. Paltsitz, State Historian of New York, and Professor Herbert L. Osgood of Columbia, who levied in turn upon all the city's public libraries and private collections.

No one can write the history of America's politics and government, of her commerce, mercantile activity, and finance, or her arts and letters without making frequent references to the streets, squares, and other place-names of Manhattan Island, its buildings and institutions. Even the waters, like Spuytenduyvil or Hell Gate, and historic trees, like Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree, find a place in the story.

Fortunately, some of the geographical features of Manhattan have endured the vicissitudes of time. A few of the shorelines traced in the first figurative map of New Netherlands by Adrian Block are still visible. The little bay where British troops landed to attack Fort Washington remained nearly intact until the construction of the George Washington Bridge and the West Shore Highway destroyed it. So did the terrain of Inwood Park.

Buildings, of course, have fared badly. One of the best-known pictures of old New York, made into a Currier & Ives print, shows the Great Fire of 1835 consuming many of the landmarks of the city. Such important structures as Castle Garden and the Astor House perished long ago; yet our beautiful old City Hall, Trinity Church, and Federal Hall (this last accurately reconstructed) survive.

No other city in the world, old or new, has quite so rich a body of old maps, prints, and drawings to mirror its past as does New York City, beginning with the Manatus Map and the Costello Plan, two accurate topographical documents which take us back to early colonial days. The number of such records in the collections of the New York Historical Society and the New York Public Library is tremendous. The most important of these are reproduced with meticulous annotations in Mr. Stokes's great work. Anyone who possesses these six volumes, and has in addition the Columbia University *Historical Portrait of New York,* edited by John Kouwenhoven in 1953 to help mark the tricentennial of New York City and the bicentennial of the university, can inform himself upon nearly every detail pertaining to old streets, squares, and buildings. Indeed, he can form a truer impression of the city, decade after decade, than could the men and women who walked its streets in those days.

—*Plate 28, from Vol. 1.*

New Dutch Church, from an engraving by William Burgis, c. 1731.

The republication of *The Iconography of Manhattan Island* is a public service. Mr. Stokes, whose noble ambition was first aroused by the purchase in the summer of 1908 of a fine impression of the Carolus Allard View of New York with ships, set an example which public-spirited citizens of other important cities from Charleston to San Francisco might well imitate. He also raised a monument to himself that will not perish.

Stokes was a true New Yorker, born in his grandfather's brownstone house, which had forty-five marble fireplaces and was located at the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and 37th Street. It is now commonly known as the J. Pierpont Morgan mansion. But long after the house has crumbled into dust Stokes's impressive iconography will remain in daily use.

Alternatives to Apathy

Like a Conquered Province: The Moral Ambiguity of America, *by Paul Goodman (Random House. 142 pp. $4.95), suggests, among other things, attacking the problems of urbanization by moving slum families into underpopulated rural areas. C. Michael Curtis's essays have appeared in The Atlantic, National Review, and other publications.*

By C. MICHAEL CURTIS

IT MAY be unfair, to the participants as well as to Paul Goodman, to argue that the recent riots in American cities are a precise extension of the political and social malaise he has been outlining so tirelessly for so long. But it is surely more comforting in the long run to view those destructive outbursts within the Goodman context than it is to explain them as simply the dismal products of the indulgences of liberalism, or as spontaneous acts of irrational violence and lawlessness. These last alternatives leave us either ideologically rigid, or numb with horror at the indecencies we are helplessly perpetrating. The attraction of the Goodman position is that it assumes we possess the power—if only we had the will—to create a society in which there is no need, therapeutic or otherwise, for the emotional release of waging warfare in the streets.

Goodman holds that American society produces its own pathologies. As touched on in this book, consisting of talks originally presented by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in its Massey lecture series, Goodman's specific targets are

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the way technology multiplies its processes mindlessly and uselessly, and how it drifts further and further away from the human race, in whose name it has commandeered our intellectual resources and our sense of proportion.

THE meaninglessness of our technological society begins to appear, says Goodman, "when the immensely productive economy overmatures and lives by creating demand instead of meeting it; when the check of the free market gives way to monopolies, subsidies, and captive consumers; when the sense of community vanishes and public goods are neglected and resources despoiled; when there is made-work (or war) to reduce unemployment; and when the measure of economic health is not increasing well-being but abstractions like the Gross National Product and the rate of growth."

What has economic arrogance to do with rioting in the streets? In Goodman's view, urbanization—the compulsive crowding of most Americans into dense metropolitan areas—is symptomatic of what he calls the present "style" of technology in America. Urbanization is not, says Goodman, a technical necessity. "On the contrary, the thrust of modern technology, *e.g.*, electricity, power tools, automobiles, distant communication, and automation would seem to be toward disurbanization, dispersal of population and industry." Urbanization, Goodman insists, "is mainly due not to natural or social-psychological causes, but to political policy and an economic style careless of social costs and even money costs."

Nor are its consequences simply a matter of wasted resources and gratuitous crowding. Cities pollute their rivers and their air, jam their highways, crowd their indigents into deteriorating slums. These are familiar complaints, and Goodman is too perceptive to pretend that city dwellers do not strive to deal with them. But this struggle, he says, is "characteristically confused." New Yorkers, for example, "vote a billion dollars to clean up the pollution of the Hudson; they cooperate without grumbling with every gimmick to speed up traffic . . . ; they are willing to pay bigger bills than any other city for public housing and schools. As people they are decent. But they are entirely lacking in determination to prevent the causes and to solve the conditions; they do not believe that anything will be done, and they accept this state of things. As citizens they are washouts."

Here is the nub of the argument. The "moral ambiguity of America," in Goodman's view, is the way we allow the assumption of our own decency to blind us to the responsibilities we necessarily assume as participants in a democratic political system. Who, in a society that methodically brutalizes so many of its members, can say he is a good citizen? And, in a complex technological society, does not good citizenship mean a willingness to share the blame for the consequences of that technology, including dehumanizing slums, rioting Negroes, and burning cities? To seek solutions out of a feeling of shame rather than as a display of magnanimity? This kind of moralism is familiar, however, and Goodman moves well beyond it. To suggest that the aberrations of industrial society need not be "accepted," even though we are generous in redressing the injuries they periodically produce, is to

suggest that alternatives are available, that there is a way to avoid the nightmare of city slums. And Goodman, more creatively than most critics of American society, has suggested to offer.

ONE way, for example, of relieving the pressures of crowded cities is to find another place for city dwellers to live. The obvious locale, says Goodman, is the country, where rural communities have been systematically depopulated, marginal farmers forced off the land, and beautiful acreage lies unused and ignored. A plan for "rural reconstruction," he argues, might involve a reassignment to the country of urban services that can be better performed there, such as the care of families who depend upon city or state funds. "In New York City or Chicago $2,500 a year of welfare money buys a family destitution and undernourishment. In beautiful depopulating areas of Vermont, Maine, or upper New York State, or southern Iowa and northern Wisconsin, it is sufficient for a decent life and even owning a house and land." Similarly, says Goodman, "many old people would certainly choose to while away the years in a small village or on a farm, where they would be more part of life and might be useful, instead of in an institution with occupational therapy."

To the immediate objection that New York State funds could hardly be used to subsidize retirement communities in northern Wisconsin, Goodman suggests a radical redefinition of "regional" jurisdiction, taking into account contrasting conditions (rather than the conventional homogeneity) so that, for example, "Vermont, northern New Hampshire, upstate New York, and central Pennsylvania" might be regarded as part of the New York "region," in order to exploit the differences in these areas, make them "socially important," and render feasible the allocation of welfare and other funds on a rational basis. Goodman would tackle the economic problems involved in reconstructing the rural areas by applying the resources of our technology to the revival of small-scale agricultural production. "Specialty and gourmet foods," for example; specialized crops that require intensive cultivation, skilled handling, scattered distribution points. He would also restore the vitality of "country culture" by subsidizing rural radio and television broadcasting, possibly as a source of apprenticeship opportunities for bright kids who aren't interested in conventional education and "now waste their time and the public money in formal schools."

THE chief difficulty implicit in these suggestions is that they could be realized only through coercion—an unhappy way to restore the purity of liberal democracy—or through a system of incentives that would make them irresistible. How many slum families would willingly move to a modest, welfare-supported home in the hills of New Hampshire? What big-city mayor would be first to demand that they do? If incentives are the answer, how attractive must these settlements be in order to fulfill their promise? And where does welfare end and bribery begin?

Paul Goodman would admit these as legitimate questions, but would surely maintain that they pose no greater problems than the ones now faced by the mayors (and citizens) of Detroit, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, New York, and Chicago. The novelty and "radicalism" of the Goodman approach lies in his insistence that we consider alternative ways of managing traditional difficulties, not refinements of old themes but new approaches that challenge the workings of our society at its critical core. And this core—the interlocking institutions and political or administrative assumptions which have simply evolved and become increasingly obsolete—we must reconsider in the light of an estimation of whether and to what extent the society it fortifies is gradually destroying its own promise and grandeur.

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2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1966, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

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a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. *No negatives should be submitted.*

e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

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a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. *All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1967,* to be eligible for judging.

IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, *the entrant must sign a statement* that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1968. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

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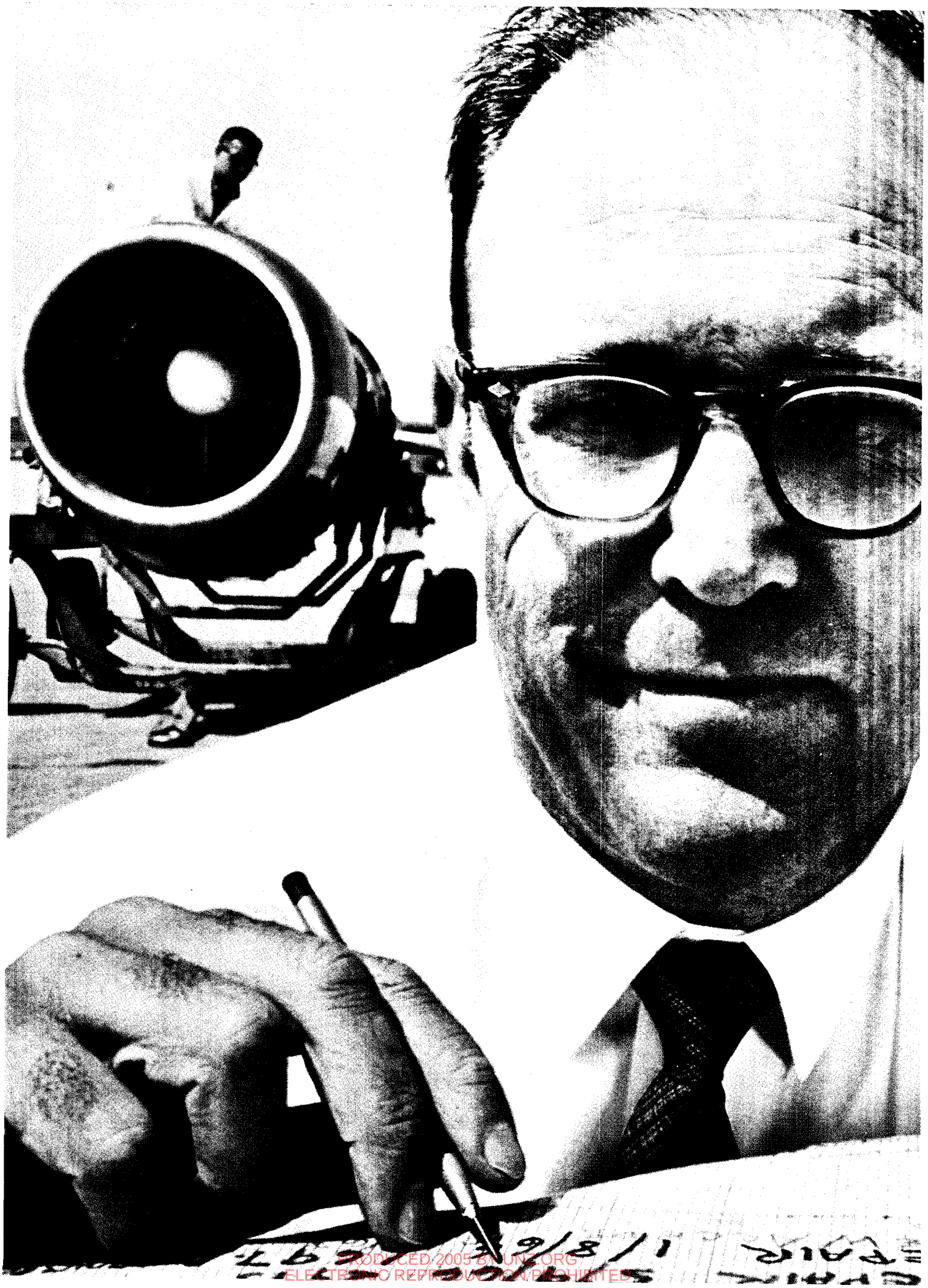

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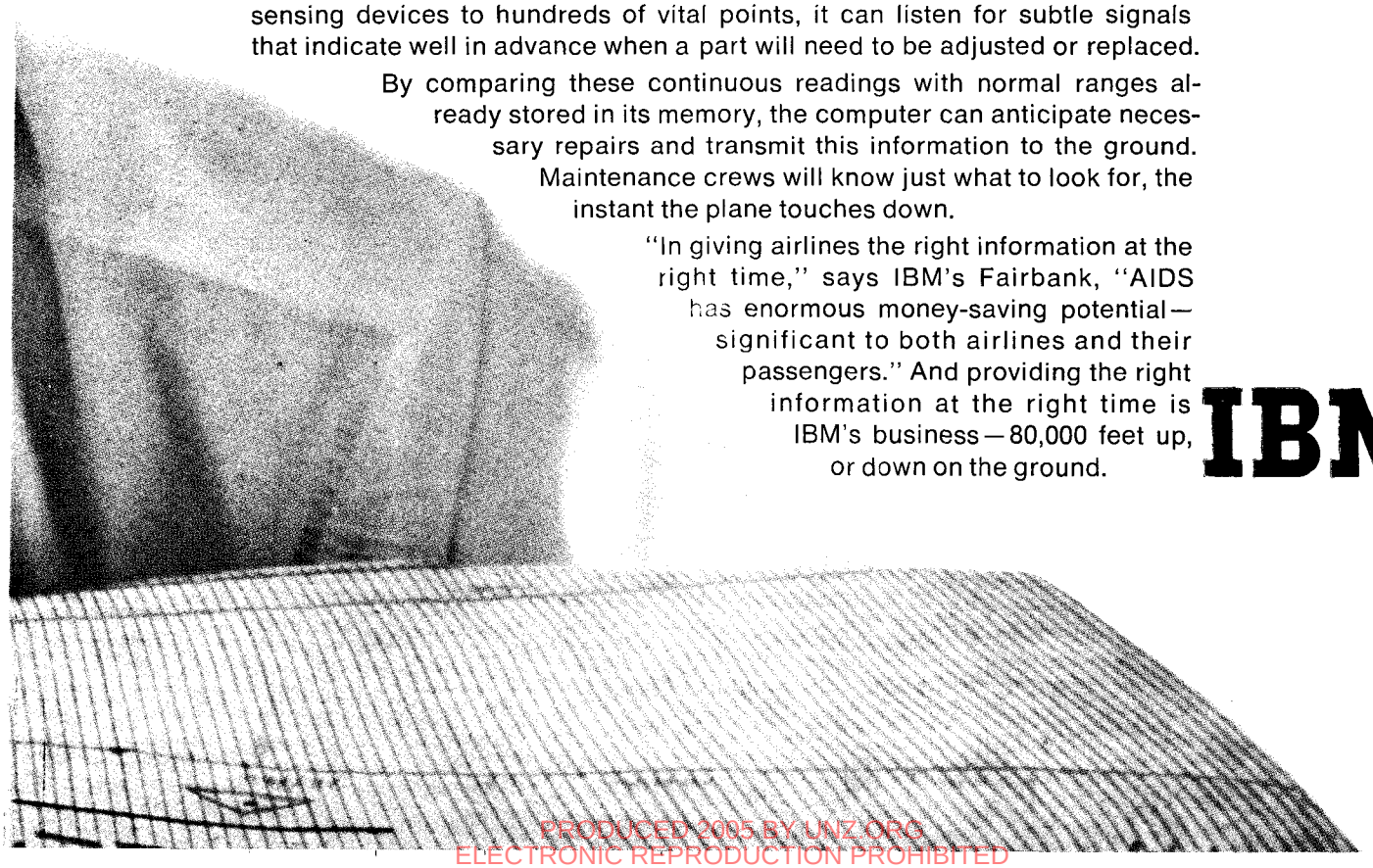

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Nature Is No Sentimentalist

***Hill Country Harvest**, by Hal Borland (Lippincott. 377 pp. $5.95), offers vignettes of a way of life in which nature plays an important part. Robert L. Perkin of the University of Colorado Medical Center takes a special interest in conservation.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

HAL BORLAND is a man who counts the individual flowers on a wand of goldenrod. (There are, he reports, 3,023 flowers per plume, each flower consisting of from five to ten florets, and thus by arithmetical extrapolation a grand total of between 15,000 and 20,000 florets.) He is also a man who carries a ten-power magnifying glass in his pocket on his rambles, and thus has counted the flowerlets of Queen Anne's lace (2,450 to a head of seventy umbrels). I suspect that some day soon he will come up with a tally on the number of leaves on one of his sugar maples, although for the present he pretends this is beyond his capacity.

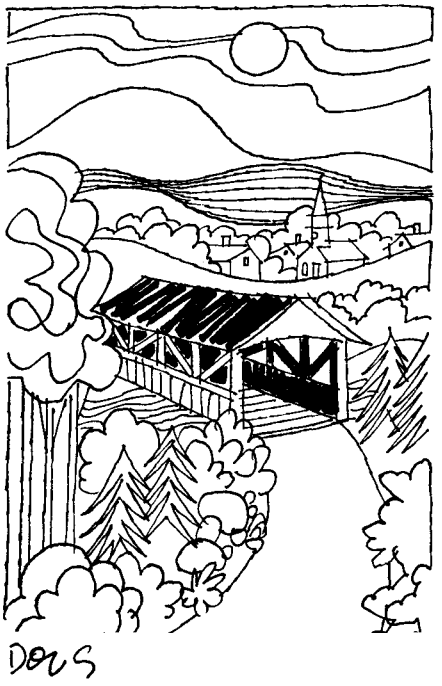
These tabulations are indicative of his curiosity and patience, but I would not want to suggest for a moment to anyone who has not yet enjoyed the pleasure of his company that Mr. Borland is some sort of woods-queer statistician. The thousands who have met him in prior readings know that he is, quite simply, the most delightful companion one could imagine for excursions out-of-doors in all seasons, through the pages of a book or the columns of a newspaper. He shares with Joseph Wood Krutch the gift of being able to endow the least and most common aspects of nature with excitement, meaning, and value. It is an uncommon gift, and Mr. Borland is an uncommon man.

A quiet zest for participation with everything living pulses gently in his words and phrases. He has seen and relished a lone fox making a clown of himself in the pasture. He knows, from observation, the consummate grace with which a deer "floats" over a fence. There is a spot on the now-wild hillside behind his house where a domestic lilac ekes out a living beside a rubble of stone that was once a home. The hardy, truant lilac evokes reflections on plantings that outlive the planter; the felling of a noble maple, mortally damaged by lightning, reminds the muser that nature is no sentimentalist.

Mr. Borland is familiar with the birds, visitors and migrants, by sight and by song. His ear is also tuned to spring peepers. His eye is dazzled annually by autumn color, and he was a silent watcher by the shallow pond on the evening when a swimming muskrat, startled belatedly by man-smell near at hand, misjudged his soundings and dived head-first into the mud, leaving an exposed rear-end high and dry. The nature Borland knows is sometimes an antic mother.

He admires the nervous wit of the chipmunk and the beautiful economy that packs half a dozen leaves and a large flower into a hickory bud. He remembers the "almost sensual pleasure" of summer mud between the toes of a barefoot boy. He is the intimate of stars and the wind, of the eddies of storm that play along the surface of the Housatonic as it flows past, just beyond his doorstep, and of the moment late in August when autumn really begins with a change of light and mood predating the laggard equinox. All of this he writes about in a language as relaxed and comfortable as an old tweed jacket.

These random samplings of what Borland sees, hears, feels, and does as a countryman are taken from the latest collection of his personalized nature essays, *Hill Country Harvest*. His hill country is in the Berkshires of northwestern Connecticut, where, after a youth in Colorado and a distinguished career as a city journalist and writer, he has elected to live. The new book is of a pattern with several of his earlier outings—*Beyond Your Doorstep*, in particular, and *Sundial of the Seasons*, *Countryman: A Summary of Belief*, and *This Hill, This Valley*—and it will delight the same readers. It represents a condensation and revision of some of the half-million words Borland has written over the past few years for the newspaper in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a few miles up the river from his farm near Salisbury. In a series of short sketches—none runs much beyond a couple pages of print; Borland is not a man to belabor a point—the reader is guided around the calendar, from late winter when the hounds of spring strain impatiently at their leashes and longing runs deep for new green, through summer with its tumult of life, past the Harvest Moon and the Hunter's Moon, and back again to chill January and the silence that is defined by the hoot of an owl. Along the way Borland drops pointed comment now and then on modern man and his civilization, viewed with the perspective of a countryman of decent prejudices and humane instincts.



On his final page, seeking an explanation of why a way of life that makes a place for nature is important and satisfying, Borland summons Emerson into testimony: "He who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come to these enchantments is the rich and royal man." Borland concedes the style is a trifle lush for his taste, though the truth is there, and suggests that Emerson's friend, Henry Thoreau, would have said it better and "with more bite." Perhaps Thoreau did so in *Walden*: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover I had not lived."

One of the early vignettes in *Hill Country Harvest* has special appeal for me. Borland is talking about moonlight, and he tells how he took a mutual friend of ours, a beloved professor of literature who is now gone, out in his boat on the Housatonic to watch the sun go down. They had indifferent success with the sunset, but as they started home the full moon rose and the boat "seemed to ride in the moonlight itself." Our scholar friend whispered a word or two of wonder and then began talking softly to the moon in the words of Shakespeare, whole passages from half a dozen plays. Perhaps this is a private matter between me and this fine and gentle book; but most readers, I think, will find in it scenes and moments of acute discovery when life, their own or Borland's, is indeed lived deliberately at its keenest.

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The Unholy Trio

***Quarry**, by Jane White (Harcourt, Brace & World. 252 pp. $4.95), allegorizes an act of gratuitous violence on an innocent victim by a trio of diabolical British boys. Richard Freedman, who teaches English at Simmons College, has contributed frequently to the Kenyon Review and Book Week.*

By RICHARD FREEDMAN

ADOLESCENT boys are the natural heroes of American literature. From Huck Finn to Holden Caulfield, they are presented as inherently superior to their corrupt or insensitive elders because of their pristine virtue and unspoilt perceptiveness. The English, on the other hand, with Old World tragic wisdom, have their doubts about the innate goodness of boys, as such terrifying glimpses into pre-adolescent original sin as Richard Hughes's *A High Wind in Jamaica* and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* effectively demonstrate.

Quarry, a first novel by a talented young Englishwoman, clearly follows this somber tradition. Three teen-aged boys keep a victim slightly younger than themselves in an abandoned quarry for a few weeks until they are ready to commit the ritual murder they had planned.

The unholy trio consists of Todd Gascoigne, a brilliant, wealthy boy Oedipally involved with his selfish, seductive mother; his classmate Randy, a fastidiously murderous Catholic living with an uncomprehending, Protestant uncle and aunt; and, for "ballast," the dull, unimaginative, lower-middle-class Carter.

On the eve of graduation from school, which they are aware will end their unstable friendship, the boys determine to commit what Hawthorne termed the unforgivable sin: to violate, "in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart." Like Leopold and Loeb in the famous 1920s case, they choose a victim, or quarry (the deeper sense of the book's title) who has never harmed them.

Their unnamed prey, a bright, preternaturally self-possessed twelve-year-old, follows them willingly into the cave. Although he can escape at any time, he remains there—except for a brief, mysterious excursion from which he voluntarily returns—until the boys have committed their act of gratuitous violence upon him.

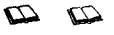
Each of them pays a solitary visit to the lad, who acts as a catalyst, bringing out whatever was latent within them. Carter, the youngest of the three, finds himself regressing to a childhood he has not quite left, and enjoys himself for hours playing pirates with his proposed victim. The seething violence of Randy erupts during his visit, and Todd succumbs to his unacknowledged homosexuality, recently exacerbated by the forthcoming marriage of his widowed mother to a worldly, superior man.

Obviously, like *Lord of the Flies*, *Quarry* is an allegory with a variety of more or less cosmic overtones. The action takes place not in a normal, pastoral English summer, but in an arid wasteland during a fierce heat wave. Images of darkness and light are strewn about almost as lavishly as in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, and the cave is philosophically associated with the one in Plato's *Republic*.

THE victim, especially, is given much symbolic weight to bear as a universal scapegoat. Occasionally he is as contemptuous of his tormentors as Prometheus chained to his rock; sometimes he sits "cross-legged and immobile" like a Buddha, and ultimately, of course, he is Christ, "with clear bright eyes which seemed innocent of deceit." Todd is sensitive enough to realize that "we are your prisoners as much as you are ours," which is the crux of Jane White's parable.

For ultimately the book is about the complex symbiosis between persecutor and prey. The quarry is as passive in the face of violence as were the Chicago nurses who were slain last year, or the concentration camp inmates. And yet, when Randy asks if he wishes to be blindfolded, he answers: "Why? Do you want to hide from me?" For all the detailed violence in the novel, its theme is the basically optimistic one that the victim wins a spiritual victory over his otherwise unpunished murderers.

If *Quarry* is less richly imagined than *Lord of the Flies* and lacks its verbal distinction, it is nevertheless an extraordinarily assured first novel, and is even superior to Golding's in its control of allegory, the bare bones of which are less frequently allowed to obtrude.



Dissection of a Dismal Wife: Elizabeth Jourdelay, aged forty and married twenty years, doesn't like her husband, Richard. In fact, it soon becomes apparent that she didn't much like him when, carrying his child, she was trapped into marrying him, which meant giving up her chance to get a college degree and her dreams of becoming a Labour M.P. She doesn't care deeply about her two sons, either—the children she feels she had to stay home to take care of all these years. She doesn't like Flora, the writer and TV interviewer whom she and Richard had known at Oxford and who suddenly appears at the hotel in Morocco where the Jourdelays are vacationing. And, although she is mildly attracted to the young man who is traveling with Flora, she doesn't like him enough to go to bed with him. Most of all, Elizabeth Jourdelay doesn't like herself.

In *A Woman of My Age* (Harper & Row, $4.50) Nina Bawden, an English novelist who studied at Oxford herself, performs a clever dissection of the bored, neurotic middle-aged housewife who resents the world. Writing in the first person from Elizabeth's point of view limits the author's exploration of her other characters, but in flashbacks she fills out Elizabeth's background as that self-centered woman sees it—her eccentric maiden aunts; her frivolous, pathetic mother-in-law, and Richard, dependent on her yet always lacking in appreciation.

Elizabeth, who has a nasty habit of imagining what others are saying about her (*"Elizabeth is so compassionate and considerate, she thinks how other people might feel"*), is very, very sorry for herself. When she is taken up by a wealthy, older Englishman and his wife, who has a weak heart, and then discovers that Richard has slept with Flora, the result is predictable.

What is not so clear is why Miss Bawden wants to use her not inconsiderable talent to tell this story. She has nothing new to say, and has picked a particularly dreary group of characters through whom to say it. Although the novel seems aimed more at women than men, it pictures marriage, and indeed life itself, as a dismal business for a woman of any age. —ELIZABETH EASTON.

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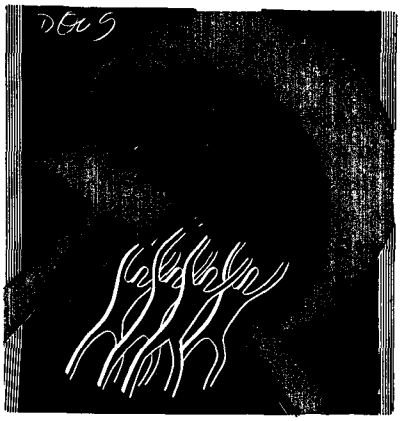
The Promised Land Grows Dim



Between Hammer and Sickle, *by Ben Ami (Jewish Publication Society of America. 307 pp. $6), reiterates the fear of Soviet Jewry, bedeviled by anti-Semitism, that they have been forgotten by the West. Ronald I. Rubin, a political scientist at the City University of New York, was among the organizers of The Center for Russian Jewry in New York.*

By RONALD I. RUBIN

EVERY religious person in the USSR leads a haunted life. However, the three million Soviet Jews—the second largest concentration of Jews in the world—are singularly trapped. Religious and cultural classes are closed down; Bar Mitzvahs rarely take place; observant Jews are hunted down and often imprisoned on trumped-up charges; kosher meat, on a regular basis, is virtually unobtainable. The Jew lives in fear, cut off from his religion, his people, and the other three-fourths of world Jewry.

If he tries to escape the tortured burden of his Jewishness he is also boxed in: he must remain a Jew on his nationality identity card until death. It is safer, the Communists reason, to know just who are the crafty agents of the "International Jewish Conspiracy" than to have them secretly penetrate Soviet ranks. Finally, if he wants to leave the Soviet Union, the Jew is denied an exit permit.

In *Between Hammer and Sickle* Ben Ami, an Israeli writing under a pseudonym, traces the roots of this pained existence: traditional Russian anti-Semitism; the fact that Jews retain family and spiritual ties with the West, including Israel; the Soviet desire not to jeopardize their mounting alliance with the Arabs by permitting the emigration of Jews, many of whom would find their way to Israel, adding to her manpower and technical resources.

To be sure, *Between Hammer and Sickle*, which was an Israeli best-seller, is not the only work to appear in recent years on the plight of Soviet Jewry. Moreover, while it is not intended as definitive history, chronology of Soviet harassment and a reading list would have strengthened the author's case. A particular contribution of the present study, however, is its description of the Jews in Central Asia; most accounts of Soviet Jewry focus on European Russia. The theme and style of Ben Ami's book resemble Elie Wiesel's *The Jews of Silence* published in 1966; both works are marked by moving anecdotes, impressionistic sketches, and poignant conversations.

There is the story of the famous Israeli singer who represented her country at an international festival in Moscow. She sang Hebrew folk songs, a Yiddish folk song, and a Russian folk song that she had memorized without understanding the words. Dozens of Jews and probably some gentiles as well congratulated her on the performance.

As she was leaving the park a young man caught her hand and told her in Russian how impressed he had been with her songs, but it was soon obvious to him that she did not understand. "*Ia Izrail. Ia Izrail* [I am Israel]," he said again and again. The singer was unsure whether he meant that his name was Israel or that his heart was with Israel—or both. He pressed her hand hard, and in good-bye uttered the only Hebrew words that he knew: "*Yom Kippur.*"

Controlling her tears, the singer responded, "*Yom Kippur, Yom Kippur*" (Day of Atonement).

One of the saddest elements running through the pages of Ben Ami's work is the fear of Soviet Jewry that they have been forgotten by the West. In a hundred whispered greetings the plea is the same: "Don't you hear our cries? Do not forsake us." Ben Ami, who stresses the longing of these Jews for Israel, never conjectured the severance of diplomatic relations with Israel by the Soviet Union and the sharpened anti-Semitism provoked by their labeling as Nazism the Israeli victory over the Arabs. *Between Hammer and Sickle* is even more timely today than when it was first published.

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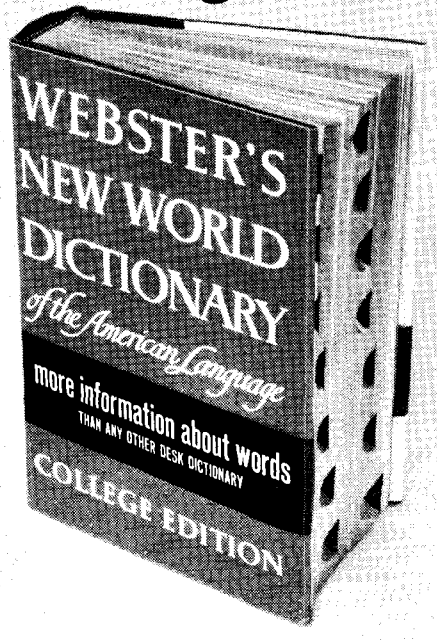

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Colorful Comrade

Khrushchev, *by Mark Frankland (Stein & Day. 213 pp. $6.95), traces the rise and fall of the ebullient premier whose policies are still being followed by his less colorful successors. Louis Fischer, author of "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," "The Life of Lenin," and "The Life and Death of Stalin," teaches at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton University.*

By LOUIS FISCHER

THIS is a serious book, else it might have been subtitled "From Mud Cabin to Kremlin" or "From Shepherd Boy to Bolshevik Dictator." Nikita S. Khrushchev rose to be the chief of the Soviet Union and a major figure on the world stage thanks to his impetuosity and impatience, his physical stamina and ebullience, his gift for self-publicity, his ability to kowtow to Stalin living and to dethrone him dead, and his skill in adopting the policies of rivals he had ousted ostensibly on account of those policies.

But Nikita Khrushchev ruled Russia for eleven years primarily because of the hierarchical mobility created by Stalin's purges. If the hundreds of leaders murdered or banished on Stalin's orders had lived out their normal careers, there would have been no room at the Kremlin top for the man depicted so well by Mark Frankland as wanting in "the intellectual approach" to problems and persons, and characterized by "rashness, lack of foresight, a tendency to bully . . ."

In addition to the take-off he received from Stalin's slaughter of competitors, Khrushchev's own bloodless purges provided him with the opportunity to unfold his not inconsiderable capacity to push and pull the cumbersome Soviet Party and government bureaucracies. He was the enemy of inertia, a believer in getting things done no matter what the cost or the chance of success—in other words, a pupil of Stalin.

Mr. Frankland shows Khrushchev as a product and devotee of the Bolshevik revolution. But he also remarks that "The dispute with China, in which Khrushchev himself genuinely often could not disentangle his motives as a Russian from his motives as a Communist, ended by pointing up the national character of Soviet policies." Soviet policies are national in character in relation to all other countries, and at home, too. Khrushchev promised that Communism would "bury" capitalism. Meanwhile Russia has buried Communism, and Khrushchev is buried though alive.

Mr. Frankland's book reflects a remarkable understanding not only of the Khrushchev period but of the Stalin era as well. Born in 1934 in London, he has been Moscow correspondent for the *Observer*. His book reminds me of *The Spanish Civil War*, by Hugh Thomas, another Englishman, who was eight years old in 1939, when the civil war ended, yet has written the best account of it we have. Frankland also had to catch up with the unexperienced past. Unlike Thomas, however, he worked under the disadvantages facing all careful chroniclers of Soviet affairs. Being honest and conscientious, Frankland punctuates his book with such phrases as "It is impossible to tell with certainty . . .," "Much of this is necessarily conjecture . . .," "If this is something like the truth . . ." This is not his fault. The Soviet system still wraps itself in secrets and silence. There is an iron curtain in Moscow separating policymakers from Soviet citizens and foreign observers which handicaps historians and leads Kremlin masters into egregious errors.

Nevertheless, Mr. Frankland has written the best available biography of Khrushchev. His research is broad, deep, and meticulous, his writing clear. A good biography must also be a history of the times of its "hero," and Mr. Frankland's book is just that. It is indispensable to students, professors, or laymen who are trying to understand the recent Soviet past and the Soviet present; as Harry Schwartz, the *New York Times* expert Kremlinologist, says in a laudatory introduction, the colorless team of Brezhnev and Kosygin are pursuing most of the policies inaugurated by the colorful Khrushchev.

—*Wide World.*

Khrushchev—"buried though alive."

On Thin Ice

Continued from page 24

tatorships. It would be a foolhardy man who would try to prophesy what is going to happen in any part of the world.

Under the circumstances few would quarrel with Mr. Brogan's advice to the American people "to keep their options open and their fingers crossed," and to try to avoid involvement in the "many problems in the world which the American people didn't create and cannot solve."

In a short review such as this it is impossible to deal adequately with Dr. Brogan's erudite, persuasive, and entertaining book. Searching constantly for the key developments that started the big revolutionary swings, the Cambridge professor ranges forward and backward through the history of all continents to explain how the world worked itself into its present explosive state.

He thinks that the Communist seizure of power in Russia was the most important result of the First World War, and speculates that the Communist seizure of power in China will be the most important result of the Second, depending on what kind of China emerges from the present crisis. In Brogan's opinion, World Wars I and II crippled the ability of Europe and the United States to impose their political systems and ideas on Africa and Asia—to the advantage of the Communists.

Although Professor Brogan has written a good book, *Worlds in Conflict* has its flaws. It doesn't give Washington sufficient credit for prudence in Cuba, Western Europe, and the Middle East or in dealings with Russia and China. But the book's major defect stems from the fact that it is a reworking of lectures the author delivered in 1965 at Lehigh University. In a long and brilliant introduction Mr. Brogan does a fine job of updating his material. Nevertheless he has had to append numerous footnotes throughout the text to correct the record in instances where he erred in reading world trends.

What does he think of U.S. chances in Southeast Asia and Vietnam? Mr. Brogan frankly hedges. Unquestionably he finds the political, ideological, and geographical cards so badly stacked against the United States in Vietnam that logically we should be defeated. However, he observes, Chinese leadership has been so faulty during recent years that the United States may be able to emerge with something resembling a victory.

"A great part of the population of Asia, a great part of the population of the world, likes to back a winner," concludes Mr. Brogan. "And at the moment China does not look like a winner."

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The Shakespeare Trail

ASHLAND, ORE.

SHAKESPEARE may have been born in England, but the impression here is that he belongs to Oregon. For not only is the Oregon Shakespeare Festival the only existing theater to have presented the complete canon, but many festival "regulars" can make comparisons between two or more Ashland productions. This summer, for instance, it is doing its second *Pericles*, a play that has not yet been performed by the fully professional festivals in San Diego, Ontario, Connecticut, and New York City. And this phantasmagoria of Phoenician geography and incredible plot twists seems ideally suited to this theater—its stage is a 55-foot-wide, three-story reconstruction of Shakespeare's Fortune Theater, and the company is composed of young, well trained actors on the verge of professional careers. The whole evening has a fairy-tale atmosphere.

It all begins with Elizabethan folk-dancing and ballad-singing done near the entrance of the open-air theater. One of the dancers, a pretty University of Texas junior named Jo Ann Bayless, should be noted, for she emerges later as one of the play's leading characters. Here, every young performer can compete for major roles, though recently the festival has hedged a bit by using a few "Equity Artists-in-Residence."

Director Nagle Jackson has staged *Pericles* with humor and uses mime to reinforce segments in which the story is narrated. First comes a touch of Fu Man Chu as Glen Mazen portrays the wicked, incestuous Antiochus as a cynical, Oriental villain. Against him is pitted the noble prince, Pericles, whose virtue is such that he can one minute proclaim himself absolutely in love with Antiochus's daughter and, in the next, reject her because he has discovered her incestuous relationship with her father. Then ensues a kind of Mack Sennett pursuit of Pericles, with Milton Tarver most amusing as Antiochus's stalking henchman. And much of what happens is shrewdly kidded by the actors, especially by Hal Poe, who, as Simonides, keeps making asides to the audience.

Mirth prevails, too, when Pericles's daughter, Marina, is sold into a brothel only to ruin business with her lectures on chastity. Miss Bayless is all gracefulness as Marina, and Claudia Wilkens and Vincent Landro are quite funny as the perplexed brothel-keepers. The play's final recognition scene, which resembles its forerunner in *King Lear*, is played with fervor by Tom Donaldson as the now-aged Pericles, who finds his new happiness too much to bear. And we are somewhat moved at the same time as we know it to be ridiculously implausible. Equally absurd is Pericles's happily giving Marina's hand in marriage to a regular customer of the brothel who spared her virginity.

The second of the four plays in this summer's repertoire is Jerry Turner's staging of *Antony and Cleopatra*. As Antony, Mr. Mazen is so cold and abrupt at times that he appears less a great general than a poor loser. Yet he gives new significance to the notion that Antony's tragic flaw is not his susceptibility to Cleopatra, but that he "made his will lord of his reason." Ann Kinsolving's Cleopatra works so hard at expressing sensuality that she frequently seems superficial. She is more effective, however, in finding a true despair when she tries in vain to make a meaningful farewell to Antony. In all, it is a clearly spoken production of a play that always seems to be over before it actually is.

The most popular of the plays here is *The Taming of the Shrew*. Under Richard D. Risso's direction, Mrs. Kinsolving and Mr. Donaldson portray Kate and Petruchio as a couple who relish the give-and-take of wooing to the hilt. This makes for vigorous fun which is supplemented by some of the other performances, most notably by those of Mr. Jackson as Hortensio and Tom Martin as Biondello. Furthermore, Mr. Risso has speeded the action of the final scenes to leave us with the feeling that we have been fully and merrily entertained.

Finally, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival is presenting *Richard III* directed by Hugh C. Evans. In it Risso, who played Richard in *Henry VI*, Part III, last summer, gets a chance to continue the same role. Perhaps nowhere else could he be assured that as much of his audience could relate this season's portrayal to that of last summer. And two years from now the size of this enthusiastic audience will be further increased when the Oregon Shakespeare Festival constructs a new 600-seat indoor theater designed by Richard L. Hay. Of the $600,000 required, $235,000 has already been raised, and the festival will, if necessary, borrow whatever cannot be raised from gifts, foundations, and other sources. Their collateral is a militantly contented audience.

—HENRY HEWES.

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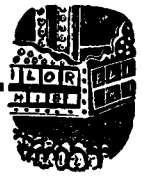


Psychedelia

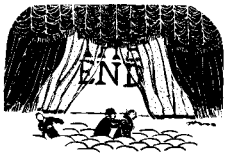
IT WAS bound to happen. Someone would make a picture about an LSD experience, and it would be called *The Trip*. The someone has turned out to be director-producer Roger Corman, and the picture *is* called *The Trip*. As is well known by now, Roger Corman makes pictures faster than anyone else except Jean-Luc Godard, and it has been a toss-up until this point as to who makes them worse.

Godard, of course, having more intellectual pretensions than Corman, has won more adherents (although Corman does have his European claque), but he lacks the filmic sense of Corman, and is therefore much more of a bore. Corman has moved slightly in the direction of boredom with *The Trip*, but he has also made his best picture to date, which, I guess, is a little like saying that Stephen Longstreet has written his best novel. Even so, *The Trip* bears some examination, for, not only is it a "first," but it has its unusual and experimental aspects and is a quite remarkable venture for so totally an exploitation-minded firm as American International, under whose aegis Corman flourishes.

I suppose we ought to establish who Roger Corman is. He is a fresh-faced, enthusiastic man nearing the forty mark who, after taking a degree in engineering, started his motion picture career as a messenger at Twentieth Century-Fox. From that lowly beginning he moved up a rung to "story analyst" at the same firm, switched to agenting and then to screenplay writing, after which he graduated to directing and producing, almost entirely in the low-budget field. A series of Edgar Allan Poe films starring Vincent Price made full use of the crimson possibilities of Technicolor and brought him to the attention of French buffs who appreciated the beauties of gore and violence. The Cinemathèque Française further canonized him with a retrospective showing of thirty of his more than seventy films, and last year he opened the Venice Film Festival with his horrific *The Wild Angels*, which chronicled, with a notable lack of comment or point of view, the violent doings of a dreary bunch of motorcyclists.

Corman's dread (shared by American International) is to make a film that will lose money, but, perhaps rankled by the critical shafts directed at him in his own unappreciative (except for the teen-age population) homeland, he has seized the opportunity to combine topicality and sensationalism with his growing cinematic proficiency. *The Trip* is the result. It is an almost plotless rendering of an LSD experience, undertaken by a young man whose broken marriage and whose dissatisfactions of psyche and soul caused by making television commercials have aroused in him the need to seek "inner truth." Corman, to prepare himself for the task, tried LSD himself and had, as one of his associates expressed it, "a good trip." Corman, however, is also aware that there are both good and bad trips, and the hero of his film has the best and the worst of both possible inner worlds.

Not having taken such a trip myself, nor having the slightest desire to (I thus brand myself a hopeless square), I can't vouch for the accuracy of the kind of visions, hallucinations, fears, and torments that Corman's hero—played with



vague bemusement by Peter Fonda—experiences after swallowing a dose of LSD on top of a marijuana "high." On the other hand, Corman's cinematic equivalents of the experience are often striking and imaginative, and he is at his best when he mingles Fonda's dazed unrealities with the garishness of the real world he intermittently encounters. Corman has included some sexual encounters, too: some that take place in Fonda's dreamland and one that occurs while he is still hallucinating, this with a girl who admits to having a "sexual thing going with people on acid"—something relatively new, if true, in the lexicon of erotic varieties.

The "trip" is taken under the guidance of a "guru" played by Bruce Dern, who is an actor of considerable accomplishment. His offhand acceptance of the supposed virtues of LSD, his calming of the fevered voyager, is a good deal more convincing than Fonda's portrayal—which seldom amounts to more than standing about and watching Corman's weird photographic effects, which include some misty shots of hooded horsemen (reminiscent of Bergman), a trial scene (also Bergmanesque), and insertions of bits of horror-movie footage. (Perhaps Corman here is describing elements of his own trip.) The director is at his best when he shows us a Los Angeles "freakout party," visits a psychedelic nightclub, and makes the real Sunset Strip every bit as hallucinatory as Fonda's visions. Finally we learn that the wanderer through dreamland has discovered his capacity to love, that he has symbolically died and been reborn, although his knowledgeable sexual companion warns him that tomorrow may be different. It would be even more encouraging if, through *The Trip*, Roger Corman has discovered his capacity to make better films than heretofore. American International, too, seems to have undergone some soul-searching, for, in a spoken foreword to the film, we are warned of the harmful effects of LSD, about which there is no longer much doubt. The film itself, however, is not one of those harmful effects—which, I must confess, I had expected.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 1, 10, 7, 6, 2, 3, 8, 5, 9, 4. Column Two should read: *Absalom, Absolom!; Aku-Aku; America America; Author! Author!; Can-Can; Enjoy, Enjoy!; Gypsy, Gypsy; Mary, Mary; My Son, My Son!; Noa Noa.*

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Adventure into a Celestial Sphere

SANTO DOMINGO, N.M.

THE INSISTENT drumbeat echoes the most miraculous pulse in the world—the beat of the living heart. It is appropriate that this should provide the underlying rhythm of the ceremonial dances at the Santo Domingo pueblo, the largest pueblo (2,000 inhabitants) of the Indians of the Rio Grande, midway between Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

These Santo Domingo Indians, of Keres stock, are said to be the most conservative of all Indians. They prefer to keep away from the white man, be he Spanish or "Anglo" (as the Indian calls the non-Spanish white). Still, every year on August 4, they display their hospitality by inviting outsiders to attend a day-long celebration in honor of their patron saint, St. Dominic. A statue of the saint is brought out of the mission church before the visitors arrive and is placed in a shrine, made of green boughs, in the long plaza lined with one-story (and occasionally two-story) adobe houses. It is set between two huge *kivas* —in Santo Domingo, one is the ceremonial center for the turquoise clan and the other for the pumpkin and squash clan—and from these great, circular edifices emerge the hundreds of men and women and children who will honor their saint with a pre-Christian *Corn Dance*.

It is an unforgettable sight—I watched for ten hours—to see the long main avenue of the pueblo filled with dancing, chanting Indians dressed in gorgeous costumes ranging from somber black to vivid turquoise and fiery red and snowy white, the black to remind the living that death is ever present, but the blue of the sky, the golden glow of the sun, to symbolize the continuation of life, with white feathers serving as silent prayers.

A striking prologue to the *Corn Dance* is the appearance of the Koshare, who play a major role in the ceremony. Their bodies and costumes are mostly painted white, though some use dark dye, but it is purposefully splotchy and suggests creatures from the spirit world. And that is really what the Koshare are, for they link the living with the dead. Their black loin-flaps represent the netherworld or death, and the golden tufts of dried corn husks which stand up from their white helmets symbolize the sun.

Early in the morning, before the dancing begins, the Koshare run through the streets of the pueblo clearing the town of evil spirits. "You might think of them as special police," an Indian friend told me. Although they have magical powers and serious duties to perform, the Koshare are an amiable, even mischievous lot. They run and dance where they please, and during the mass formations, they weave themselves in and out of the formal patterns made by the dancers. They do their own steps, improvise at will, even move in syncopation with the tread of the other Indians. They also pause to adjust costumes, secure slipping headdresses, and help some of the five- and six-year-olds get back into the proper patterns when they have lost their way. I asked my Indian companion if a Koshare might be described as an equivalent to the god Pan. "Partly," he replied, "but there is a great deal of Till Eulenspiegel there, too."

Once the Koshare have performed their initial duties, the dancers and singers of the two clans, one at a time (they dance together only on rare occasions), fill the plaza. The entrances and exits themselves are splendid pageantry. Adobe stairs lead to the flat peak of the tall brown *kivas*. Long ladders, which pierce the sky at one end, also descend to the sacred mysteries deep within. As the Indians mount or descend the outside staircases, they, like the thrusting tips of their ladders, are silhouetted against the blue, cloud-flecked sky. The golden corn tufts of the Koshare seem to be splinters of sunlight, and they, along with the multicolored costumes, are spectacularly defined against the vault of the firmament itself, as if we were witnesses to an adventure into a celestial sphere.

The Koshare are always men, but the two big bodies of dancers are made up of both men and women, some very old, some in their prime, some only little children. The men, bare-chested, wear white skirt-like dress, quite short, and fur-topped white moccasins. They are decorated with strings of shells (in prehistoric times, the area was a vast inland sea) worn diagonally, and with bells around the waist or below the knee. Blue, yellow, and green clusters of feathers bob from their forelocks (some wear their hair in flowing manes, while others have it bobbed or cut short). In the left hand, there is a green branch; in the right, a rattle.

The female dancers wear black dresses but they are brightly embroidered and are cinched by red belts. On their heads they carry thin boards which stand upright. These are blue and symbolize clouds and rainbows—the soft, white prayer feathers are attached. Most of the women have hair which falls below the waist, while others have the equivalent of a Dutch cut. A few wear moccasins but most are barefoot. They carry green boughs in both hands.

The large choir of men is composed mainly, but not entirely, of the seniors of the tribe. They do not wear traditional Indian dress, but they are distinctively Indian. Ordinary trousers and brightly colored shirts are augmented by bands of cloth (in every color imaginable)

—*Photos by Milo.*

Paintings of the *Corn Dance* (this and facing page) are by Awa Tsireh, from the collection of the Museum of New Mexico.

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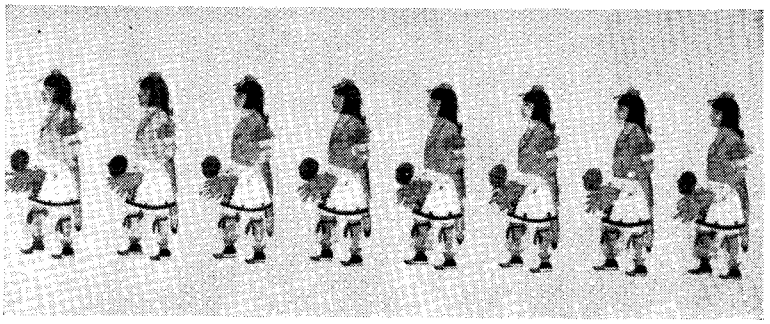


"The actual steps employed in the *Corn Dance* are not many [but] there is great choreographic variety."

worn around the head or used to tie the buns of long-haired Indians; by great, turquoise-studded silver belts; necklaces and bracelets boasting the largest turquoises I have ever seen; moccasins or boots. Green branches are stuck in their belts, and their leader carries a tall pole, tipped with crimson feathers, which he waves in great arcs over singers and dancers—a blessing from the sun.

The actual steps employed in the *Corn Dance* are not many—the women frequently use a toe-touch followed by a flat-foot step while the men do little jumps kicking their heels up lightly—but there are variations on these basic steps and there is great choreographic variety. The dancers enter and depart in long-line processionals. But the lines shift swiftly and smoothly from two to four to five and, sometimes, even to eight ranks. The dancers may move up and down as in military parade or they may face each other and move back and forth, with great dexterity, through each other's ranks. They also break into blocks of dance figures and, very occasionally, into circles. Diagonal units of performers also vary the pattern, and at one point, early in the day, there was a vast ellipse which found the dancers stretched from one *kiva* to another, encompassing the shrine of the saint, nearly touching walls of homes flanking both sides of the plaza.

The singers, huddled closely to one wall of the plaza, surged slowly en masse, shifting positions as the dancers advanced and retreated. A tight semi-circle was their basic formation, and their steps, a rhythmic shuffle.

As the afternoon progressed, an intensification of movement, sound, and spirit occurred. The heartbeat of the drums became swifter, the pitch of the drum itself climbed steadily to a peak at the ecstatic finale, and the dancers and singers, wholly involved in their ritual all along, seemed to find themselves in a mass, communal hypnosis. Faces were impassive, but inner dynamics, an identification with forces of mystery, could be felt by the onlooker.

As pace and pitch grew, not only did the Koshare make their choreographic infiltrations of the dance formations increasingly elaborate, but also a few of the old, old men of the pueblo, touched by the hand of unseen spirits, entered the vast dance design. They made their own way within the framework of the ceremonial; often, as they danced on old and weary legs, their veined hands were raised heavenward as they made incantational traceries in space. Each seemed to be alone, though part of many, in an awesome contact with deity. One of the gestures was an invitation for rain. It rained, lightly and briefly.

Scenes such as these can be recorded by the visitor only in the mind. The Indians of Santo Domingo permit no cameras, no drawing pads, no notebooks carried by foreigners on their huge reservation. They are even suspicious of non-Keres Indians. They hold to ancient ways, yet the new is juxtaposed to the old. On the roof of an adobe home you will see antlers, proof of a successful hunt, side by side with a television antenna. Outside the kitchen door, you will find the age-old beehive oven—and oh, how sweet the bread smells!—sharing the area with an electric washing machine.

Inside an Indian home, to which I was invited for lunch because my Indian companion (a Cherokee) knew the family well, I sat down to a delicious meal which included home-cooked bread, home-raised fruits and vegetables, and macaroni salad! A newborn baby was on a cradleboard (only his feet were showing, since his body and head were concealed beneath a tent-like structure) suspended from the ceiling as a swing. And every time Grandmother passed by, she would give the baby a push. "Sleeps better that way," she said.

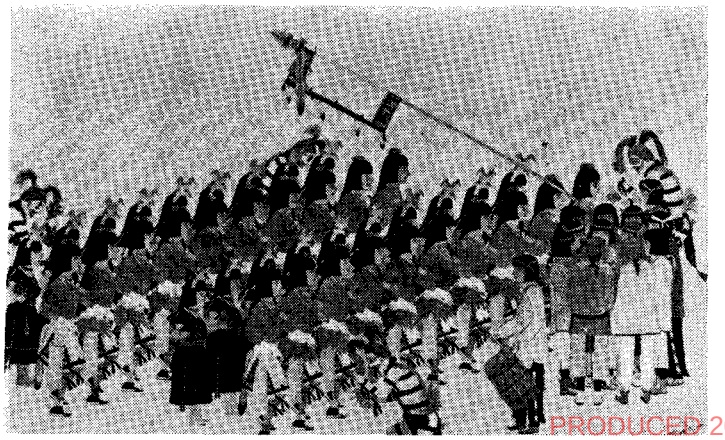
In the exquisite, whitewashed mission church of Santo Domingo, one would find on one wall the Stations of the Cross, and in another very special area, murals of the squash, the corn, the maize. Behind the church, while the *Corn Dance* was being reborn in the plaza, a handful of young Indians were dancing the frug, the watusi, and variations thereof.

In the plaza, St. Dominic was greeted by prayerful visitors, by gifts of bread, by men dancers who shook their rattles in his direction, by women dancers who waved their green branches at him, by rites older than Christianity.

Which dominated? Which rhythms prevailed? As the plaza became incandescent with the patterns of ancient dance, a five-month-old baby, carried by a seven-year-old sister, waved a single green leaf, in perfect tempo, as 500 Indians of the village danced by.

Did it seem incongruous that at one point in the *Corn Dance* an old Indian should blow a trumpet, another should play a tattoo on a snare drum, and a younger man should fire a rifle? Not at all. It was a sardonic reminder that the invaders—first the Spaniards and then the "Anglos"—should also honor the saint. And that we should also.

—Walter Terry.



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The Natural World

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Horace Sutton is on vacation this month. The following report, by the recently retired book critic of The New York Times, is the first of a series of guest articles on Africa.*

ONE EVENING last winter my wife and I, our courier-guide-friend (an English lady), an African driver, and an African game ranger were riding in a Land-Rover in the great Serengeti National Park in Northwest Tanzania. It was about 6 o'clock and we were returning to the Seronera Lodge after hours of blissful delight photographing wild animals. In less than an hour it would be dark. The use of headlights is forbidden in all East African game parks. As we approached the lodge we met a Volkswagen. Its driver hailed us in an unmistakably American voice: "Is this the way to the leopards?" Our two Africans burst into scornful laughter and our guide called out: "Second to the left and straight on till morning."

There are 5,600 square miles in the Serengeti Park. There are vast, arid plains little better than deserts, grassy savannahs dotted with umbrella thorn trees, groves of yellow fever trees beside the few streams which remain wet the year round, bone-dry gulleys which are brooks in the rainy season, and a labyrinthine network of tracks made by the four-wheel-drive cars in which most tourists go out to see and photograph the game. We had seen the leopards ourselves, but only the Africans knew precisely where the leopards were. Even if they had been willing, it was impossible to tell the rash strangers how to find them. And yet, there were extenuating circumstances for the question.

Today, several years after the three East African countries—Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania—became free, the magnificent wildlife of the game parks flourishes in such glorious profusion that tourists can confidently expect to see all the more common varieties of animals and, with luck, some of the less familiar.

Tourism, for these reasons, is now enjoying a tremendous boom in East Africa. In Kenya, which has the most efficient and enlightened government of the three countries, the rush is so great that tourists are signing up with local travel agencies in Nairobi three and even four years in advance. The lodges in the game parks are nearly always full. New hotels are being built in Nairobi and also on the Indian Ocean coast. Packaged tours from Germany and Switzerland fly in hordes of tourists at bargain rates. Rich Americans revel in the joys of private safaris complete with white hunters, squads of African servants, several trucks loaded with camping equipment, food, drink, and even refrigerators. Less affluent Americans find the lodges comfortable and attractive—much more so than many of the hotels in their own country.

The lodges consist of a principal building containing the dining room, bar, and kitchen, and of rows of cottages for the guests. They are situated on beautiful and even spectacular sites. The New Lodge at the Amboseli Reserve looks out directly on Mt. Kilimanjaro. Samburu Lodge in the Marsabit Reserve perches on the banks of a river. Water buck, baboons, and elephants ford the river while guests, cocktail glasses in hand, admire them. The Kilaguni Lodge in the Tsavo National Park looks down on a large water hole. Animals come to drink there all day long with the greatest congestion in the early evening. While having dinner there my wife and I watched eight elephants pad silently in single file out of the darkness into the light cast by the lodge lamps, drink, and then go into a conference, heads in, tails out, like a caucus of Republican governors.

Seven years ago, when we made our first trip to East Africa, the present tourist explosion could not be foreseen. Refugees from the Congo were pouring into Kenya, and the white settlers in Kenya were gloomily wondering if similar horrors would happen there. African politicians were shouting that when they obtained freedom they did not want their country to be a zoo. Wild animals were only meat, and poaching in the parks was a way of life.

—*Philcarol of Monkmeyer.*

"Seeing the animals . . . is the chief joy. . . ."

Now all this is changed. The economic importance of tourism is fully understood. Leading officials discuss ways of increasing it. And the African governments are much more severe on poachers than the British dared to be. In spite of continued problems—droughts, overpopulation of animals in certain districts (elephants in Tsavo Park and hippopotamuses in Queen Elizabeth Park), continued poaching, inadequate funds—the future of the game parks looks brighter than it ever has.

Why do so many travelers delight in African game and why do most of those who can afford it return to Africa again? Every traveler is an individual with his own peculiarities, his own personal response to the beauty and fascination of close contact with lions and elephants, giraffe, and buffalo; but all tourists share a sense of wonder unobtainable anywhere else on earth. They experience an exhilaration, a joy and excitement which were once part of the heritage of mankind. But now in our overcrowded world the great spectacle of many kinds of animals living in freedom without fear of man the killer can be seen only in Africa. Only in Africa can the urban, pampered product of modern civilization watch and photograph a rich abundance of wild animals proceeding about their customary business in the immemorial ways of their kind.

Seeing the animals, just being there with them, is the chief joy of the tourist in East Africa. But photographing them is a close second. One starts taking pictures of every animal in sight. This one may be a better specimen. That one is doing something more interesting. Or he is posing against a more beautiful background. After several days or weeks one becomes more demanding. One elephant won't do. What is required is a herd of elephants, or elephants taking a dust bath, or baby elephants.

Lions are always irresistible. They have such benign faces, such dignity, such lazy serenity. We photographed lions napping high in trees, lions marching so close to our Land-Rover we thought they might be planning to jump in with us, lions mating, and lions sleeping in a dozen postures of total relaxation. One afternoon in Serengeti we drove into the midst of a pride of lions so numerous we nearly ran over several. It was like entering a field of lions, some grotesque example of medieval heraldry—not one lion rampant, but twenty couchant. Breathlessly we counted.

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There were three males, seven females, and ten cubs of assorted sizes. One cub looked out from the fork of a tree, only his face showing. Several climbed playfully over the bodies of their mothers and their aunts. The adults blinked, yawned, stretched, and stared at us with lordly boredom.

Other animals are almost as appealing. Giraffes are so improbable, so huge and gentle, so adept at posing in picturesque groups that it is impossible to refrain from taking too many pictures of them. The antelopes are a never failing source of delight, from the tiny dik-diks not much more than a foot high at the shoulder to the massive, gray elands as big as oxen. The impala may be the most graceful of all living creatures. The rare sable antelope and the handsome oryx are wonderfully impressive. The little Thomson's gazelles with their tails in perpetual motion and their suicidal determination to beat Land-Rovers to the other side of the road are wonderfully engaging.

In a full month in Kenya and Tanzania we investigated eleven different game parks and reserves, from the gigantic Tsavo Park—8,000 square miles—to the tiny Ngurdoto Crater, which is only one and one-half miles across. I kept a record of the kinds of animals we saw. The total was thirty-eight. The largest number at any one park was twenty-five at Serengeti. One of these was the seldom seen, nocturnal pangolin, which looks like a small kangaroo covered with scales.

Although each day was a rich experience and on nearly every day we were fortunate in opportunities for photography, one day provided the supreme excitement of our trip. It was at the Amboseli Reserve. When we arrived there after a long and dusty ride from Tsavo we met some American acquaintances who were glowing with triumph. That afternoon they had seen several lions and a cheetah mother with two cubs. At Tsavo, which was our first park, we had seen fifteen different kinds of game, but no lions or cheetahs. We could only hope, none too optimistically, that we would be as fortunate as they.

The following morning we set out in a Land-Rover. There were five of us: our charming and capable guide; Simon, a young Kikuyu employed to change tires, wash the car, and do odd jobs; Kibore, a Kamba game ranger who enjoyed a personal acquaintance with every lion, elephant, and giraffe in Amboseli; and us. No rain had fallen for months. The majestic dome of Mt. Kilimanjaro was nearly bare of snow. Dust lay thick on every track, and yellow-gray clouds of dust streamed away behind us. The early morning was bright and cool and all was well with the world—at least in Amboseli.

We began modestly, photographing several jackals, slim, graceful little creatures as likable as dogs. Soon we were taking pictures of giraffes, gnu, zebra, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, and were completely absorbed in the joyful rapture of being in Africa, of being among the African animals we love.

Excitement mounted fiercely when we watched our first lion, a magnificent male, walking with dignity and supple grace through some tall grass and brush. About four years old, with his mane still short, he proceeded slowly, pausing to sniff the air and gaze around him, once sitting down calmly for several minutes. We were able to take a number of pictures of him before he stalked into a patch of denser brush. He was obviously hunting for his dinner.

Pleased with our good luck, we drove off in search of other wonders. An hour later Kibore began directing our driver to go this way and then that way with severe concentration. Seven zebra were ambling along in single file and the last had dawdled near a thick patch of brush. I did not recognize our location, but it was only a hundred yards from the spot where we had last seen our lion.

Suddenly, absolutely silently, the lion bounded out of the brush and in several huge leaps flung himself upon the neck and shoulders of the zebra. Down fell the zebra with the lion on top of him. There was a big splash. Zebra and lion had fallen into a small brook. Dripping wet, his tawny fur darkened by the water, the lion jumped up and seized the back of the zebra's neck just behind the ears. He then forced the zebra's head under water. His sides heaving with exertion, his breath puffing audibly, the lion held the zebra's head under water until it drowned. The zebra seemed to give up; it did not thrash about, and made no apparent effort to wrench free. Our car was idling between 30 and 40 feet away. Armed with telephoto lenses, we took pictures in a frenzy of excitement.

The zebra was a plump adult male and probably weighed more than 600 pounds. How was the lion to get that dead weight out of the water and up the steep, four-foot bank? It was difficult, and the lion took his time over the task. He would pull the carcass a little way, pause to rest and consider a better hold, grab the zebra in a new place, and pull again. It was hard work and the lion panted loudly. Finally he got the zebra all the way up; but he was not satisfied with the location and he then dragged the zebra 40 feet to a shady spot which he thought more suitable for his dinner. We followed on our side of the brook and continued to take pictures with wild extravagance.

The lion was in no rude haste to eat. He seemed to like the taste of the zebra's skin and licked it repeatedly before he opened the zebra's belly in the time-honored manner of lions. He fed delicately, taking small bites, occasionally lifting his head to gaze at us with regal composure and indifference.

Our good fortune at being such ringside observers of the lion's successful hunt for his favorite food seemed to us beyond chance and beyond valuation, an experience to treasure for the rest of our lives. While we were furiously snapping pictures I suddenly remembered several friends leaning on the little bar of our New York club and asking me with skeptical astonishment why I was about to go back to East Africa. No brief answer could be complete. One answer might be to see beauty, grace, strength, skill, and majesty in the natural world; to rejoice in being in some of the few places on earth not yet ruined and degraded by the folly and selfishness of men. —Orville Prescott.

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Japanese Poetry

By KENNETH REXROTH

POSSIBLY the greatest single influence on the poetry of the West since Baudelaire has come from outside—from Chinese and Japanese poetry in translation. Machado, Pound, Rilke, Ungaretti, Apollinaire, Jammes, Lawrence, Pasternak—all over the world poets who were young before the First World War discovered the poetry of the Far East. They allowed it to shape their own styles to a greater or lesser degree. After the superficial imitative elements had been abandoned, basic formative elements remained, and link the styles of the most diverse poets. It would, in fact, be hard to think of more diverse ones than these on my list. The next generation had been prepared by their elders, and they accepted Far Eastern poetry as the very matter of fact of their art; a whole section of Western European verse after the First War occupies the same universe of discourse as that of Tu Fu or Hitomaro.

It is not an accident that the first widely popular book of translation was Judith Gautier's *Le Livre du Jade*. She was the most talented woman in Mallarmé's circle, and no other Western poet has ever more deliberately sought the same effects for the same ends in the Japanese and Chinese as Mallarmé.

Japanese poetry is obviously different from Western or even Chinese. It is much shorter. In the classical period most Japanese poems have only thirty-seven syllables, arranged five-seven-five-seven-seven—the tanka. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this was replaced in popularity by the *haiku* of only seventeen syllables. Greatly as Japanese poetry may differ from all other verse, it does what poetry does everywhere. It intensifies and exalts experience. It differs in concentrating exclusively on that function and it largely avoids not only all nonpoetic considerations, but most poetic ones as well. Experience intensified and exalted, but the sole instrument of that exaltation is an exquisitely refined sensibility. Homer, Dante, and Sophocles refine and exalt experience, too, but there is no dramatic or epic poetry in Japanese, and no elegiac, either, after the *naga-ute* (long poems) of the earliest period.

Some of these are by Hitomara, Japan's greatest poet, and they are profoundly moving, but they are far from long—fifty lines of seven and five syllables at the most. Furthermore, their length is misleading. They never lose the character of expanded tanka and they tend to fall into paragraphs of about thirty-seven syllables which can be separated out—and they end in a thirty-seven syllable envoi or coda which sums up the whole poem. Many tanka, though few *haiku*, are filled with literary, folklore, and religious references, puns, fixed epithets called "pillow words" like Homer's "rosy fingered dawn," and double or even triple or quadruple meanings. A poem may be carefully constructed to have two contradictory or incongruous meanings. This all sounds decadent and Alexandrine, but, in fact, the poem stands on its own as a presentation of acute sensibility encountering immediate experience.

"Though the purity/ of the moonlight has silenced/both nightingale and/ cricket, the cuckoo alone/ sings all the white night." This can be interpreted, "The peace of Amida has absorbed the monk and the householder; only the prostitute worships, all through the night," but it doesn't need to mean that; it is quite sufficient as it is—a statement of presentational immediacy so powerful that it reverberates, by its very simplicity, through all kinds of symbolic realms.

CERTAINLY we need to know no mythology to understand:

> In the spring garden,
> where peach blossoms
> light the path beneath,
> a girl is walking.

Nor need we be Buddhists to grasp:

> The flowers whirl away
> in the wind like snow.
> The thing that falls away is myself.

And we do not have to be widowers to comprehend:

> I sit at home
> in our room
> by our bed
> and stare at your pillow.

Whatever the complexities of reverberation in the background, the immediate impact of Japanese poetry is direct participation in objective experience. We are not asked to understand but to participate. This objectivism is so stripped that it sets up the widest possible ranges of reverberation—like life itself, but incomparably more intense than all but the most crucial experiences.

There may be indefinite ranges of symbolic references behind the simplest Japanese poem—but these have a curious character. The terms may be fortuitous, but the symbolic range has a kind of essential necessity. If one did not know the mythology, one could, from participation in the poem, invent an equivalent one. This is an objective-subjective, fact-and-symbol relationship which is perhaps the defining characteristic of all great poetry. In Japanese verse it stands alone, not as an aspect of the poem, but as the poem itself. Such an esthetic is the result of a pervasive attitude toward life which finds explicit expression in various schools of Japanese philosophy and religion—an empirical concentration on the religious experience itself as unqualified, a secular mysticism which sees experience as its own transcendence. These life attitudes are communicated directly, not as interpretations or even attitudes, but as inherent qualities of life itself.

IT is the lack of this quality of direct communication of fundamentals which makes so much *haiku seem* decadent. The evocations are there but they are superficial and sentimental. A great *haiku* by one of the early masters is simple, direct, and lends itself to infinite development—Basho's "Autumn evening/ a crow on a bare branch" or Bencho's "The long, long river/ a single line on the snowy plain." The symbolic range is unlimited, in contrast to Kikaku's "A blind child/ guided by his mother/ admires the cherry blossoms," which might, and often does, decorate calendars. In recent years *haiku* of the latter type have spread over the Western world.

Japanese poetry at its most profound levels has been assimilated, too, but not so obviously. Confucianism shows its influence in Japanese life in the universally held belief that style is the essence of meaning and being; it is a style of handling all experiences which Japanese poetry at its best has given the Western poet, and this can be communicated as poet to poet only on the deepest level—in other words, only from great poet to great poet. On the other hand, as poet to audience, it is, by definition, universally communicable. It is this universality and total communicability which is the aim of all Japanese poetic theory and practice.

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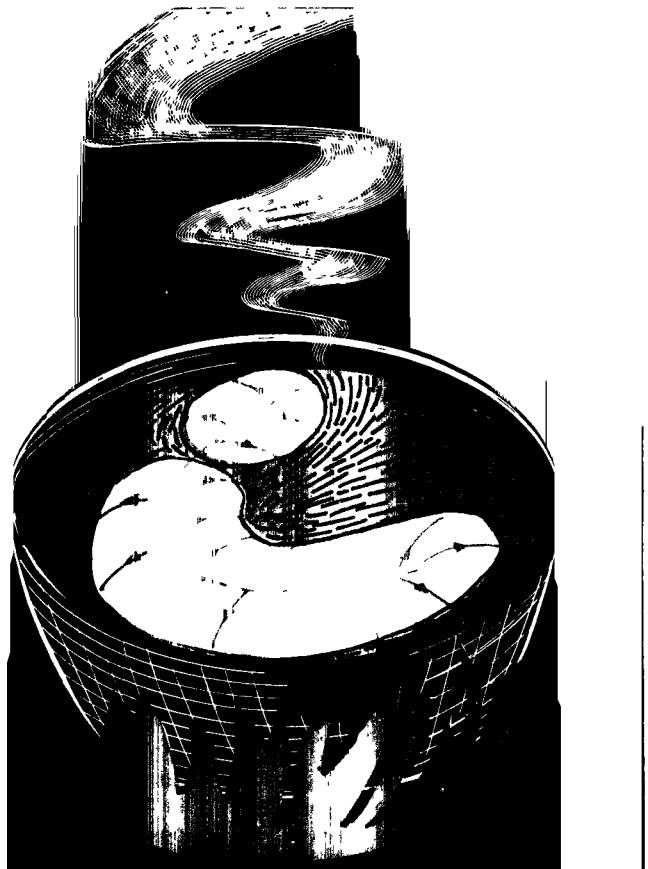
CANADA'S UNAPPRECIATED ROLE AS SCIENTIFIC INNOVATOR



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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

TORONTO, CANADA.

ONLY a very few of the millions of visitors to Canada's centennial Expo 67 at Montreal saw a simple exhibit that will affect their lives and the lives of their children much more profoundly than any of the many Expo spectaculars that are everywhere being exclaimed over. It was a boiling pot of tomato soup.

The soup was not for eating but for schooling listeners to a private lecture delivered last May by Professor J. Tuzo Wilson, principal of Erin Dale College of the University of Toronto just now opening on a wooded estate at Streetsville, Ontario.

Like any other pot of hot soup, this one floated on the surface of its bubbling cargo a white froth that had risen from below, grown with time, and piled upon itself as its water content evaporated.

The froth, Professor Wilson explained to science writers and dignitaries invited to the event by its Noranda mining and Dupont chemical sponsors, would someday soon be recognized as analogous to the continents of earth, while the clear broth that churned the froth to and fro was behaving as earth's interior is now believed to do in a viscous layer beginning perhaps 30 miles beneath the planet's crust and reaching down to depths of 300 miles or so.

Professor Wilson says the consequences of man's dawning awareness of the dynamic nature of his home planet are as inevitable and as sweeping as the medical and biological revolutions that followed Dr. William Harvey's seventeenth-century discovery of the circulation of the blood in the human body.

Theoretical models of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions not only can be anticipated; they are virtually dictated by the new circumstances. And after such models have been so refined as to enable reasonably accurate prediction of these long mysterious natural catastrophes, man can consider means of mitigating and maybe even exerting some control over the human and property costs of such happenings.

THE search for, and exploitation of, minerals, petroleum, natural gas, and sources of geothermal energy will no longer be confined to the earth's crust. There will be gradually intensifying study of the plastic layer below the crust where a chain of recent discoveries points to existence of convection cells that move huge pieces of the surface of the planet about like blocks on a series of conveyor belts. It is here that the action is, here where island volcano cones are carried away from their fueling ducts to die, here where oceans as wide as the Atlantic are opened and closed periodically, here where continental shelves are pushed together to squeeze up mountains, here where ocean floors are pulled down into deep trenches alongside arcs of islands, here where inland seabottoms are rent to

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free subterranean waters laden with mineral riches.

As Professor Wilson put it in his Expo 67 lecture:

> It . . . appears that crustal material may be eroded from continents, washed to sea, and thence sucked down beneath trenches back into the [planet's] mantle, where it is mixed, remelted, and rises again to the surface. The problem is thus posed of determining how much of the continental crust, and also incidentally of the sea water, has remained constantly at the surface of the earth since early geological time, how much has been recycled through the mantle, perhaps several times, and how much has only recently been liberated from the mantle for the first time. These questions have not been answered, but can be studied by isotopic research. They are far more fundamental to petrology, economic geology, and changes in sea level than many of the more obvious investigations now under way in these subjects.
>
> If overriding [of one block of earth's crust by another block of crust] is widespread, the crust and upper mantle are being mixed, and this can explain the irregularities in the properties of the upper mantle noted by seismologists and by those who have studied the ratios of strontium and lead isotopes from the rocks of volcanic islands. The irregularity in the isotopic ratios of these elements in rocks is in striking contrast to the regularity of the lead isotope ratios measured in some of the largest ore deposits in the world, including Kimberley, Pine Point, and Broken Hill. . . . This suggests that these stratiform ore bodies are not being derived either from the surrounding country rocks or the upper mantle. Conceivably they are released from the lower mantle and have found their way to the surface along major fractures.

—Eaton's Portrait Studio.

—Geological Survey of Canada.

Professor J. Tuzo Wilson (left) is now principal of Erin Dale College, University of Toronto, on a newly opened campus at Streetsville, Ontario. Dr. L. W. Morley, of the Geological Survey of Canada (right) took his PhD. degree under Professor Wilson while the latter was head of Toronto U.'s Geology Department.

MOST of the scientific work dramatized in Professor Wilson's pot of tomato soup was months old—some of it years old—at the time he staged his one-night private show at the Canadian centennial exposition. Yet no scientist in the United States had preceded him in any comparably imaginative presentation of the central idea. Why? Is there something in the Canadian climate that breeds innovation?

Insofar as recognition of the dynamic nature of the earth may rightly serve as a criterion, a powerful argument can be made for a positive answer to that question. The Canadian contribution to this fundamental concept of science is vastly greater than most people—even those inside Canada—know, and considerably larger than would be judged from a reading of the scientific journals.

Not that any Canadian provided the initial spark. For Canada was still wilderness when the first faint foreshadow of the notion that earth is internally mobile crossed the mind of Francis Bacon in 1620. The apparent parallels in opposing coastlines of the Atlantic Ocean impressed him enough to cause him to question their meaning. Nothing came of the question until, two and a quarter centuries later, a book written by Antonio Snider and published in Paris included a pair of maps suggesting that the eastern shores of the Americas once had been contiguous to the western shores of Europe and Africa. In 1908 an American scientist, F. B. Taylor, privately printed inferences from mountain-building data that a considerable distribution of continents had taken place in geological time. In 1910 a German meteorologist, Alfred Wegener, advanced a theory that South America, India, Australia, and Africa had in the comparatively recent history of the planet formed a single continent which he called Panagea. According to the Wegener concept, Panagea centered on the South Pole. The land broke up under the influence of earth's rotation and the fragments drifted apart. As their drifting carried them closer to the equator, the distances dividing them necessarily grew. In 1937, A. L. Dutoit, a Frenchman, proposed two proto-continents instead of Wegener's one: Laurasia in the north and Gondwanaland in the south. After several decades of controversy, the idea that the continents of earth were subject to drift fell into unpopularity for lack of a satisfying explanation of the mechanism that might have enabled drift to occur.

In the 1950s, the missing mechanics unexpectedly began to show themselves. The use of echoing sound to map seabottoms had meanwhile been inaugurated. Miss Marie Tharp, a draftsman working on Atlantic Ocean floor profiles for Dr. Bruce Heezen at the Lamont Geological Observatory atop the Hudson River Palisades, pointed out to her boss what seemed to her to be a deep cleft running along the top of a chain of high mountains that split the ocean floor in half. The cleft corresponded to the pattern of earthquake foci that had been mapped earlier. When the chain of quake epicenters was followed out of the Atlantic into earth's other oceans, the mid-sea mountains were discovered to meander around the globe, branching northward like outspread fingers from a circle around Antarctica. Always the cleft could be seen along the topmost mountain ridge.

Two years after Dr. Heezen was sufficiently sure of his data to make the first verbal report of his findings to a scientific meeting, the cleft in the mid-Atlantic ridge exploded. In September 1957, an undersea volcano erupted off the island of Fayal in the Azores. The result was a new island that slowly joined itself to Fayal. In 1961, the same cleft exploded twice more—at Askja in Iceland (which sits directly on the ridge top) and at Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic. The people of Tristan abandoned their homes. In November 1963, there was still another explosion off Iceland; this one created another new island, which the Icelanders called Surtsey; Surtsey has been growing ever since from lava spit up from the seabottom through the cleft in the mid-Atlantic ridge.

Toronto Professor Wilson was among the first to respond to these proddings from nature. Testing a prediction made in 1962 by Princeton Geology Professor Harry Hess—that not far under the basalt layer characteristic of all seafloors would be found a layer of serpentine rock capable of facilitating motion of the floor and everything on it—Professor

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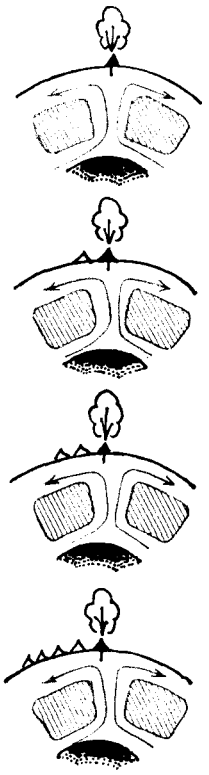
Wilson early in the year 1963 published a scientific paper in which he analyzed the ages of islands in relation to their distances from the mid-ocean ridges. He found that the older an island was the farther it was from a ridge. He prepared another paper demonstrating how the Hawaiian archipelago could have been formed by simple spreading of the ocean floor over a fracture in the earth's crust and upper mantle. Lava would rise through the fracture, produce a volcano, and then a volcanic island. As time passed and the island moved away, another volcano would erupt into another island. That island in time would move, making way for another island.

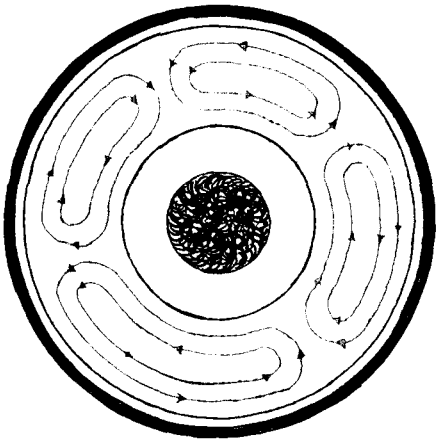
The thesis appeared to be borne out by the realities on Hawaii. All the islands were once volcanically active, but only the cauldrons on the easternmost isle — Hawaii itself — erupt nowadays. Nevertheless, scientific journals in the United States declined to publish the speculation; editors were not prepared for the emerging concept of earth's mobility; and appearance of Wilson's concept was consequently delayed for several months until the *Canadian Journal of Physics* printed it in March 1963.

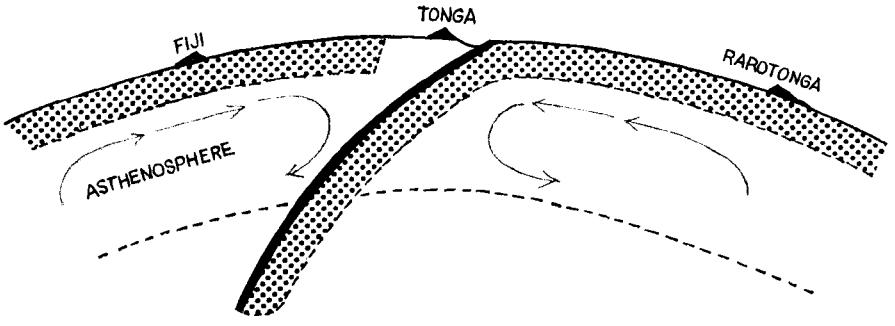
Late in the month before, a Wilson protégé, Dr. L. W. Morley, of the Geological Survey of Canada, sat in his office at Ottawa, the Canadian capital city, poring over a map that research ships of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, California, had made of magnetic fields trapped in the rocks of the eastern Pacific Ocean basin. The polarities of these fields did not point in one consistent direction; they alternated; and their patterns puzzled many scientists. Dr. Morley was puzzled, too, at first; but after a while he saw a consistency in the alterations. He turned from the map and wrote a letter to his scientific colleagues, as follows:

> Several investigators and authors writing on the subject of continental drift and convection currents in the earth's mantle have referred to the puzzling linear magnetic anomalies in the Eastern Pacific Ocean Basin reported by scientists of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography.
>
> If one accepts in principle the concept of mantle convection currents rising under ocean ridges, traveling horizontally under the ocean floor and sinking at ocean troughs, one cannot escape the argument that the upwelling rock under the ocean ridges, as it rises above the Curie Point geotherm [the temperature gradient at which a given measure of radioactivity occurs], must become magnetized in the direction of the earth's field prevailing at the time. If this portion of rock moves upward and then horizontally to make room for new upwelling material, and if, in the meantime, the earth's field has reversed, and the same process continues, it stands to reason that a linear magnetic anomaly pattern of the type observed would result. This explanation has the advantage over many of the others put forward that it does not require a petrologically, structurally, thermally, or strain-banded oceanic crust. It requires a convection cell whose axis of rotation is at least as long as the linear magnetic anomalies and whose horizontal distance of travel stretches from ocean rise to ocean trough. In addition to this, it requires a large number of reversals of the earth's magnetic field from at least the Cretaceous period [which ended 68,000,000 to 72,000,000 years ago] to the present (since no rocks older than Cretaceous have been found in the ocean basins) [that is, no rocks older than 140 million years].
>
> R. L. Wilson reported that Mrs. J. Cox, in a recent search of the paleomagnetic literature, was able to find 136 normally polarized cases and 141 reversely polarized from the Carboniferous to the present. Since there is no evidence to suggest that the earth's field should have been "normally" polarized for any more periods or for longer periods than it has been reversely polarized, it is entirely possible that there may have been as many as 180 reversals since the Lower Cretaceous. This would be one reversal about every half million years, on the average (a figure which T. Einarsson gives from his investigations of Icelandic lavas. He also suggests that the time taken for a reversal of the field is geologically very short—a few centuries to 10,000 years).
>
> From an examination of the Scripps magnetic maps, the width of a complete positive and negative cycle, averaged, over the widest part of the available surveyed section is about 35 kilometers. To travel this distance in 1,000,000 years (time of two reversals) the convection current must have a rate of about 3.5 centimeters per year. This figure is only good to an order of magnitude because no accurate data are available on the length of the periods of reversals. A better way to arrive at the rate of convection travel and the reversal period would be to measure the ages of rocks at widely-spaced locations in the Pacific and to count the number of reversals occurring between these points.
>
> R. G. Mason and A. D. Raff [who made the magnetic survey for Scripps] report that some of the many guyots



Sketches above illustrate Professor J. Tuzo Wilson's explanation of formation of Hawaiian archipelago. Sketch immediately below shows convection cells which presumably moved the islands. Sketch at bottom of page shows (speeds of earthquake waves indicate) how tongue of earth's crust is thrust downward under adjacent crust in the Pacific.





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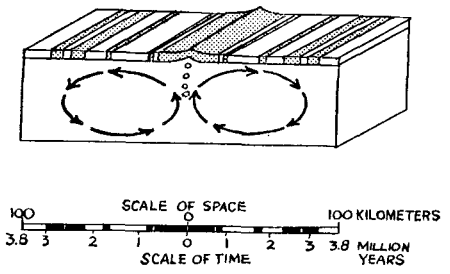
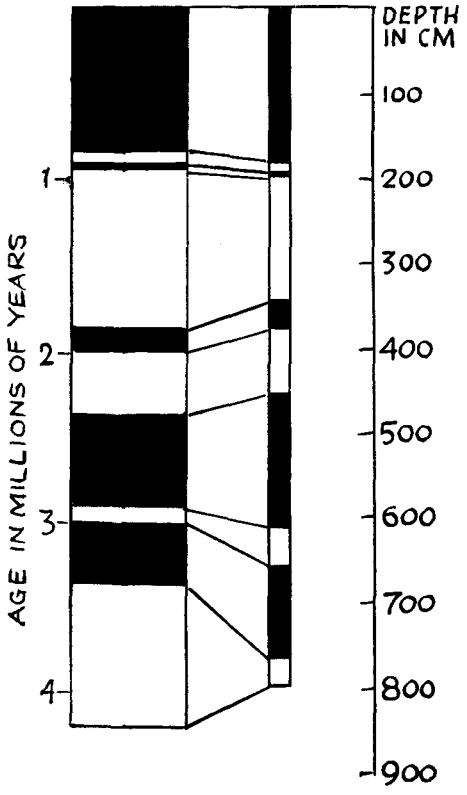


Magnetic record on ocean bottoms (above) correlates space-time, matches vertical record in seabottom cores (below).



[flat-topped undersea islands] which were detected on the echo sounder produced magnetic anomalies, while others apparently had little or no effect. It seems unlikely that these guyots would be divided into two classes—those containing magnetite and those containing little or none. A more likely explanation would be that the ones which give little or no effect are negatively polarized to an intensity which nearly equalizes their magnetization induced by the present earth's field. If the "non-magnetic" guyots always occur in the negative anomaly bands and the magnetic ones in the positive bands, this would be evidence that they cooled below the Curie Point at approximately the same time as the rock surrounding them because they were magnetized in the same direction. Indeed, since at that time they would have been in the shallow water of the oceanic ridge, they would have protruded above the surface and have had their tops flattened by erosion. As they proceeded along with the mantle convection current they would pass into deeper water. This is an alternative explanation of origin to that suggested by Darwin for the flat-topped guyots in the deep Pacific.

Dr. Morley noted one important aspect of this conception of ocean floors acting as magnetic tape recorders of the earth's history as the floors rolled outward from the mid-ocean ridges: It would work if the ocean bottom basalts were underlain with the serpentine rock predicted by Professor Hess. The letter closed with this paragraph:

> The purpose of this letter is to point up the possibility of calibrating the frequency and duration of reversals of the earth's magnetic field in geologic history from a study of magnetic surveys of the ocean basins, and the idea presented is considered to add support to the theory of convection in the earth's mantle.

Dr. Morley mailed the letter to a famous scientific journal in England. Some weeks later he got the letter back with a note saying the journal had no room for his contribution. He then mailed the letter to a famous journal in the United States whence it was sent to a referee. Again the letter came back. The referee's verdict was that such speculations made interesting talk at cocktail parties but were not the sort of thing that ought to be published under serious *scientific aegis.*

By this time, it was midsummer of 1963. Discouraged, Dr. Morley presented his hypothesis orally at the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada in Quebec City on June 4. On the following September 7, *Nature* published essentially the same hypothesis in a letter signed by F. J. Vine and D. H. Matthews, of Cambridge University's Department of Geodesy and Geophysics. Whereas Morley's concept had been a synthesis of the research work of others, Vine and Matthews arrived at the same conclusion from magnetic studies they themselves had made of the floor of the Indian Ocean.

Professor Wilson lost no time in making use of the magnetic recording idea. Acting on a suggestion by Professor Hess, he undertook an experiment with Vine of Cambridge, applied the Morley-Vine-Matthews concept to the floor of the ocean off the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada, and showed that the postulated magnetic recorder was actually in operation. Professor Wilson mentioned this in his soup-pot lecture at Expo 67:

> What distinguishes this theory from all past hypotheses is its precision. For example, its application to the magnetic map of the seafloor off Vancouver Island enables the following prediction to be made for one point chosen at random. At 47 degrees 15 minutes north latitude and 130 degrees west longitude, the seafloor is moving away from the Oregon coast in a direction north 71 degrees west at a rate of 6 centimeters per year; the rate has been steady for several million years; the rock samples dredged from that vicinity are between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 years old and they are polarized in exactly the opposite direction to the present earth's field. This information was read from Plate 1 in A. D. Raff and R. G. Mason [the Scripps mappers who triggered Dr. Morley's imagination into action].

The lecture text expatiated on the future of magnetic imprinting:

> As magnetic surveys are extended it seems likely that it will be possible to make accurate predictions like that for any point on the ocean floors. Such forecasts can be checked and this is being done. Through reduction of data from surveys already carried out, preliminary magnetic maps have already been compiled at Lamont Geological Observatory for 20 per cent of the ocean floors. So far the theory is proving satisfactory and if this continues earth science will have entered a new era.
>
> The theory as discussed up to this point has assumed a constant rate of spreading, but it is obvious that on a sphere such motion cannot continue forever. It must change. Maurice and John Ewing considered that the motion might have been steady for the past 10,000,000 years but that there had been a longer pause before that. This view has yet to be related to the apparent dates of opening of the Atlantic Ocean. J. D. Briden has attempted to define the times of recurrent motions. It is evident that the direction of motion off Vancouver Island changed by 20 degrees about 10,000,000 years ago. These problems complicate but do not invalidate the concept, but the details remain to be elucidated. . . .
>
> The mechanism which causes the surface to move about is much less clear than the evidence for the motion itself. Presumably it is the upwelling and the outward flow of currents in the mantle caused by the escape of heat generated by radioactive elements. Such ideas began to be discussed as much as fifty years ago by J. Joly, A. Holmes, R. A. Daly, and F. A. Vening Meinesz. What is different today is that there is now more evidence to make some such scheme

OPPOSITE PAGE: Design of mechanism that enables Atlantic Ocean to open. Note step-like curvature in mid-ocean ridge (colored line) comparable to pockets of unfolding accordion. Straight-line faults in ocean floor suggest points at which Africa and South America were once joined long ago [small inset map].

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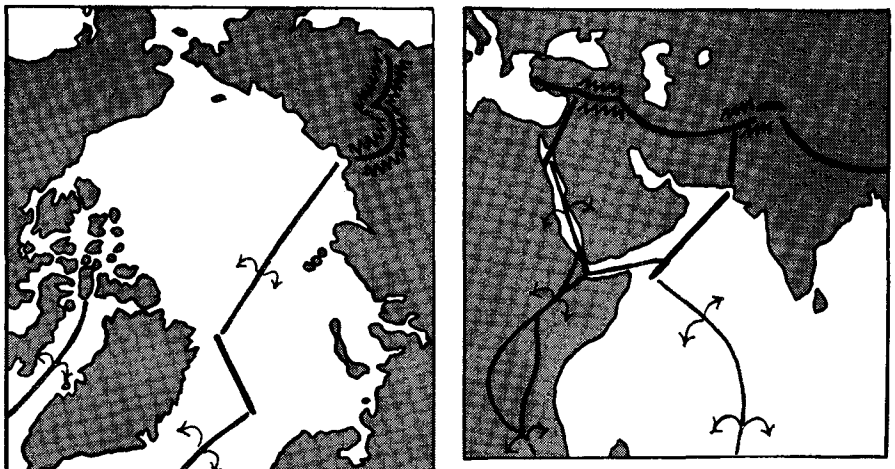

This pair of maps illustrates simply how accordion-like unfolding of Atlantic Ocean floor pushed up mountains in Russian north (left) and Asia (right).

—Maps by J. T. Wilson.

plausible. The existence at a depth of 50 to 400 kilometers of a slightly plastic, white-hot layer, called an asthenosphere, upon which Daly speculated, is now supported by several types of evidence, some of which has been mentioned. W. M. Elsasser, E. Orowan, and D. C. Tozer find flow or convection in a shallow layer to be acceptable, but S. K. Runcorn thinks that the whole mantle convects.

This theory is one form of continental drift, but it is not Wegener's version, for he visualized the continents as rafts moving through the ocean floors like moving ships, while the present concept regards the continents as passive blocks carried about with the ocean floors, like logs frozen in ice. But most of the old arguments in favor of continental drift would still be valid as well as all the new ones.

The magnetic imprinting of the upwelling rocks is the most persuasive evidence for a dynamic earth because the record can be read not only horizontally in terms of both space and time [see sketch, page 48] but in vertical space as well, in corings of sediments taken from the ocean bottoms [see sketch, page 48, and the article, "Were Comets the Midwives at the Birth of Man?", *SR*, May 6]. Other supporting evidence exists, however, in faulting and shearing of the earth's crust; and here again Canadian Professor Wilson has made a decisive contribution to theory. Opening of the Atlantic Ocean without driving great faults across the affected continents seemed impossible until he introduced the flexible geometry of an accordion [see map, page 49]. Only recently a team of scientists from the geochronology laboratories of the University of Sao Paulo, Brazil, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology proved the practical applicability of his thinking by predicting —from the location of particular ore bodies along the Atlantic coast of Africa —where similar ore deposits would be found along the Atlantic coast of Brazil. Scientists from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution on Cape Cod have found fabulously rich mineral deposits in the waters above the mid-ocean rift in the Red Sea, just as Professor Wilson predicted would happen [see page 52]. And studies of the great Alaskan earthquake of Easter 1964 clearly suggest a relationship between the northwestern motion of the Pacific Ocean floor that he pinpointed and the 930-to-1,360-year subsidence of earth's crust that occurred in the Gulf of Alaska before the quake.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

CANADA: SCIENTIFIC INNOVATOR

Advice for the Establishment

By J. TUZO WILSON

IT SEEMS trite and obvious to point out that on land, if one can imagine standing on top of the Alps for tens of millions of years, one can visualize that they would have been uplifted beneath one and that they would be worn away still underneath one's feet, but one cannot imagine the mountain heights moving off across Europe, leaving one still standing on the rocks that had formed the peaks. Odd as it seems, this is exactly what we believe to be happening on the ocean floors.

Another way of looking at the same phenomenon is to consider the behavior, during the breakup of Gondwanaland [the original continent that was supposedly centered at the South Pole], of the mid-ocean ridge which lies in the Southern Ocean. The ridge must have expanded away from the coast of Antarctica and moved across the mantle under the centrifugal force of the planet's rotation. Incredible as it may seem, this means that if the Rocky Mountains were part of the mid-ocean ridge system they would not have stayed in Alberta but might have moved across Canada to Ontario or even Quebec since the beginning of the Cretaceous period 140 million years ago.

These quite dissimilar mechanics are the reason why the transform faults of ocean floors [see map, page 49] differ in geometry from the faults studied on continents.

It would appear that relative to the earth as a whole the continents are small crusts which have been differentiated, become rigid (perhaps by dehydration) and which are not at all typical of the earth as a whole in behavior, composition, or history. If we are to view the earth in this perspective, most of our ideas in geology, geophysics, and geochemistry will need some reorientation.

Consider, for example, paleontology. Most paleontologists have considered the problem of continental drift, but they have argued about it for a century and come to such diverse and opposing views that one is forced to conclude that the study of fossils alone is not an adequate way to resolve this problem. Index fossils have provided isochronous markers for comparing the ages of rocks throughout the world. Now it appears that magnetic reversals may be more precise markers and may also be applicable to unfossiliferous rocks. Isotopic studies are providing absolute time scales. If the new techniques can provide exact reconstruction of continents and a better time scale, the whole of paleontology will need reworking. On the other hand, the new methods tell us nothing about ancient life and they are not applicable in all cases and by no means replace paleontology even as a tool.

What attitude one takes depends upon what one wishes to do. If the object is to study ancient life, then the new discoveries will aid paleontology and make it a more useful subject. If, on the other hand, the object is to study the earth, then paleontology appears to

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Professor J. Tuzo Wilson is familiar to *SR* readers through his first-hand report on science in Communist China [*SR*, Nov. 8, 1958] during his term as president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics. He numbers among his students Drs. L. W. Morley and R. J. Uffen, both listed in adjacent pages as among Canada's scientific innovators. The text reproduced here was excerpted from Professor Wilson's soup-pot lecture at Expo 67.

be a somewhat less useful tool for that purpose than had been supposed.

Geophysical subjects need a similar scrutiny. If earthquakes are due to steady flow in the mantle, our ideas on their mechanism, especially that of deep earthquakes, need reconsideration. It may be possible to explain the gravity anomalies found over ocean trenches and under the plains of India in a different manner. Maps of magnetic anomalies will take on new meanings.

In the current discussions, petrology and geochemistry can play a decisive role only if the assumptions underlying the examination of petrogenesis are clear. In the past, geological dogma often tacitly led petrologists to believe that all igneous rocks came from molten magmas, that intrusive rocks remained fixed over their sources, that the mantle was uniform in composition, and that systems were closed so that one could apply laboratory results directly to field observations. If these assumptions are wrong, petrology and geochemistry are not invalidated but their problems are increased. Fortunately, isotopic studies can now be of great help in resolving these harder questions.

Even if one accepted all these novel views, the problems of the geology of a mobile earth would not be resolved. Indeed, they would have just begun, for the history of a mobile earth is quite different from what we have previously supposed. Geography has not remained fixed, but its changes must be plotted and the whole of historical geology requires to be rewritten.

Are none of the present ocean basins older than the Mesozoic era [it began 200 million years ago], as much evidence now suggests? Are all the continents composite? Were parts of North America attached to Europe, to Africa, and to Asia as recently as Cambrian time?

Fundamental to such questions are more general ones. Do convection currents flow steadily at constant rates for long periods, as F. J. Vine and J. R. Heirtzler have contended, or do they stop and start again? Is is likely that the pattern of flow and of mid-ocean ridges, besides moving about steadily, must at long intervals drastically change to new patterns? Could this cause the known alterations in the past distribution of mountain-building? Raymond Hide has raised the question of whether changes in flow patterns in the mantle are related not only to patterns of mountain-building and of drift, but also to rates of reversals of earth's magnetic field.

It is this turmoil of question and divergent answer which constitutes the present revolution and the exciting prospect for great advances in the earth sciences. All of geology, geophysics, and geochemistry will need re-examination for both content and usefulness if mobility is true.

As so often happens when something really new is discovered in science, the Establishment, if we may so describe those larger institutions most closely concerned with the subject, had little to do with it. The petroleum and mining industries paid little attention to the idea of continental drift. Most members of geological surveys and departments of geology and most geophysicists were not expecting any such revolution. In large measure it was expenditures and research related to defense and national prestige which first provided abundant knowledge of those hidden places. Naval research, stimulated by the need to detect and to navigate nuclear submarines, has charted the ocean floors, shown them to be quite unlike continents, and revealed there the largest mountain system on earth: the mid-ocean ridges [see *SR*, July 3, 1965]. Disarmament research, with its need to distinguish between nuclear explosions and natural earthquakes, has provided world-wide networks of greatly improved seismological stations and transformed our knowledge of the earth's interior. Space research is now making comparisons possible between the earth and its moon and between the earth and other planets: Mars, Venus, and Jupiter. The billions of dollars spent on these investigations, in part executed by universities and industry under contract, have provided, with unexpected suddenness, a body of data about the hitherto unknown parts of the earth which is comparable with the bulk of geological data that took so much longer to acquire.

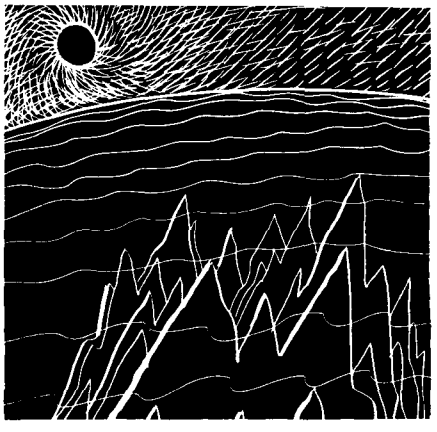
It is impossible to imagine anyone who is not a surgeon removing a brain tumor, or to believe that a supersonic plane could be designed except by aeronautical engineers. On the other hand, mines and oil pools have often been discovered without the help of geologists or geophysicists. This is a measure of the difficulty of our subject and of our ineffectiveness in dealing with it. Since industry has always reserved its greatest rewards and highest praise for successful prospectors and oil-finders, it is not surprising that geologists and geophysicists have not always had all the support they wished. Perhaps the new discoveries will change that situation.

If the continents are indeed composite and have been built or broken apart since petroleum was first deposited, our ideas about basins and about source areas of sedimentary rocks will need revision. The largest effects are to be expected in offshore oil basins. J. Barrell and C. Schuchert envisioned great offshore borderlands where now there is ocean. Such ideas may have been right after all.

The movements of continents may explain the opening or shutting of basins so that the rocks in them changed from marine, to continental, to evaporite conditions. Thus Y. Belmonte, P. Hirtz, and R. Wenger have suggested that the salt domes and oil deposits of Gabon in Africa and of the opposite coast of Brazil were formed when those continents started to break and the sea first entered the rift between them in mid-Cretaceous time. Continental drift may explain why the Texas basin seems to have been cut off in Permian time and why the Gulf of Mexico seems to have opened as a small evaporite basin during Jurassic time and, hence, why there may be salt domes on its floor under 12,000 feet of water.

In mining, the discovery of a proper theory of the earth could have far-reaching effects. According to present ideas, it is very difficult to explain why ore bodies are few while apparently equally favorable structures and host-rocks are abundant. In the continents, some great structures are rich in ores, others are barren. For example, the Urals, the line through Northern Manitoba, and that through Sudbury and Cobalt are rich, but the suture in New England, proposed to represent a former closure of the Atlantic Ocean, appears to be barren.

Some companies and some universities are alert to the need to make a more fundamental approach and to mix geology and geophysics together, but if the prospects raised in this paper are true the need is greater and should be carried further than has been generally appreciated.



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Confirmation from Afar

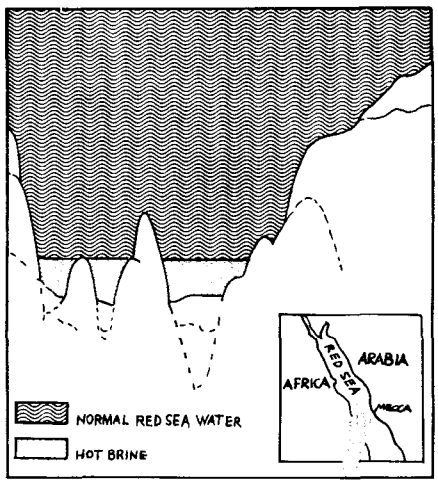
PRINCIPALLY, this report has to do with the discovery and scientific evaluation of hot brines and heavy metal deposits recently found by the efforts of British, German, and American research vessels in isolated deeps of the Red Sea. Geographically, these deeps are located equidistant between Arabia and Africa, near Mecca. The hot brines in the deeps occur below a depth of about 2,000 meters [6,500 feet] in three pools which have been named *Atlantis, Chain* and *Discovery* after the research vessels that discovered them. The largest hot water pool is contained in the Atlantis Deep, which covers an area of approximately 30 square miles, and has waters with a temperature as high as 56 degrees Centigrade [133 degrees Fahrenheit] and is in places 200 meters thick.

Such hot waters are termed brines to set them apart from normal Red Sea water. As the term brine indicates, the waters are highly saline, containing about ten times as much salt as is commonly dissolved in the oceans. The waters are reducing, as evidenced by the lack of free dissolved oxygen and the presence of traces of hydrogen sulfide. Furthermore, they are acidic, and of course hot, at least by the standards of a water-filled bathtub. In contrast, average Red Sea water has a salinity close to that of normal sea water, it is alkaline, oxidizing, and cold relative to our chosen bathtub standard.

The differences listed so far explain why the two water bodies, the Red Sea above and the hot brine below, are physically separated. The temperature and salinity differences cause convection currents, which keep the heavy brine constantly in slow circulation and close to the bottom of the sea.

Aside from these typical brine properties, the waters contain heavy metals. As a matter of fact, some heavy metals may reach concentrations as high as 50,000 times the amounts commonly observed in the ocean. Metals of special interest include iron, manganese, zinc, lead, copper, silver, and gold.

Probably man has never seen a more colorful sedimentary product emerge from the depths of the sea than the 4 meter x 15 centimeter x 15 centimeter square-box cores collected on the *Chain* cruise in fall 1966. The individual layers are well-defined, even down to layers of less than one millimeter thickness. The color variation is fantastic; all shades of white, black, red, green, blue, or yellow can be observed. Perhaps some of the more colorful Indian sand paintings and Mexican rugs faintly match these sediments in the variation and intensity of their colors.



—*Oceanus.*

Cross section of Red Sea bottom soundings shows hot brines suspended under normal sea water. Compare this map with smaller of two maps on page 50.

THE chemical and mineralogical examination of the sediments is quite revealing. After accounting for the interstitial water and the water-soluble salts, the residue is approximately 90 per cent of heavy metal oxides and sulfides, of which the most abundant are those of iron, manganese, zinc, and copper. Although we have penetrated into the metal ooze only about 10 meters, the seismic record suggests that the thickness of the beds might be more than 100 meters in places.

Dr. F. T. Manheim, of the Woods Hole branch of the U.S. Geological Survey, informs us that according to his estimates the heavy metal deposits in the Red Sea offer an ore potential of about 130 million tons, representing a value of $1.5 billion due to the concentration of copper, zinc, silver, and gold. The dollar value of iron and manganese is not included in this calculation.

Dr. Manheim's $1.5 billion figure is rather conservative because it is only based on the Atlantis Deep area, and because a thickness of only 10 meters for the ore body has been assumed. Yet the value of this metal-bearing sediment would exceed the total mined ore of the Coeur d'Alene district in Idaho since mining began there in the 1870s.

An unanswered question is the origin of the salts, the heat, and, last but not least, the metals. Isotope studies done by Dr. H. Craig, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and at our laboratories, reveal that the source of the hot brines most likely is the Red Sea. The metals, on the other hand, probably are derived from more interior sources of the earth and are linked with the hydrothermal, magmatic, and tectonic events of the region.

IT is speculated that tectonism and rifting has opened migration paths for the passage of ascending ore solutions and descending Red Sea waters. On their way up or down, both waters have leached out rock formations. For example, the Red Sea waters have become saturated with salts from evaporitic beds through which they migrated whereas the chemically aggressive hot waters, due to their carbon dioxide and hydrogen sulfide content, may have picked up some of the metals from deeper rock formations.

The high heat flow in the sediments, which may amount to as much as 2 degrees C. per meter depth of burial, can act as a convenient heat source for the slowly percolating brew. Occasional discharge of hot brines into the open ocean, as evidenced by intensively colored heavy metal layers in sediments outside the hot area, can be regarded as the best guarantee for the continuous supply of metals, salt, and heat.

That the waters have been preserved at all is mainly due to the intrinsic morphological and geological setting in this area. We feel, however, that this phenomenon of hydrothermal solutions is not restricted to the Red Sea but is a common feature in all those parts of the world where rift activities presently are displayed. Areas of high heat flow, such as the East Pacific Rise, should thus be more carefully examined for heavy metal anomalies.

Students of hydrothemal mineral deposits and Precambrian iron formations may find in the Red Sea hot brine area a recent counterpart of the ancient ore formation processes. In studying the environmental conditions under which the Red Sea minerals presently are laid down, one may gain insight on the origin of hydrothermal ore deposits and on the conditions in the primordial sea at the time Precambrian iron formations (such as those in the Great Lakes region of the United States) originated.

—E. T. DEGENS and D. A. ROSS
in *Oceanus.*

Oceanus is the journal of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. The above excerpt from it will be part of a book scheduled for publication in 1968 by Springer Verlag, New York.

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IS A GREAT TRADITION ERODING?

By DYSON ROSE and JOHN MARIER

CANADA, currently celebrating its Centennial year, is a much younger country than the United States, having come into being almost a hundred years after the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. Canada is geographically vast, but its population is small; hence, its rate of development has been slower than that of the United States. Even today, most of northern Canada remains uninhabited. In comparison to its giant southern neighbor, Canada cannot be said to be a melting-pot of ethnic groups; instead, it consists of a confederacy of regions, each with distinctive interests and outlooks. Under the circumstances, it is perhaps inevitable that the rest of the world should not appreciate Canada's role as a scientific innovator.

It is difficult to date the beginning of science in Canada as one dates the political beginning of the country. But an interesting comparison can be made between the processes leading to the formation of the nation and the processes leading to establishment of new areas of research. The history of both Canada and the United States began with a discovery (made while looking for something else, and not necessarily the first formal discovery of the continent), which was followed by exploration, colonization, and eventual nationhood. New scientific developments also begin with a discovery (again, not necessarily the first, and sometimes accidental) which stimulates exploratory research. Eventually, a new scientific realm is established.

Undeniably, the "pioneer" era is the most exciting and stimulating period of the evolutionary process. During this phase, the motivation of those involved stems from a sense of curiosity and a spirit of adventure. Such bold men as Daniel Boone, Pierre Radisson, Sam Houston, and Alexander MacKenzie are invariably in the forefront of events. As development proceeds, this initial spirit of curiosity and adventure tends to be replaced by a sense of security, complacency, and conformity—a trend that seems to be a natural consequence of maturity in nations and scientific institutions. With each passing decade, it becomes more and more difficult to find a Daniel Boone or a Pierre Radisson.

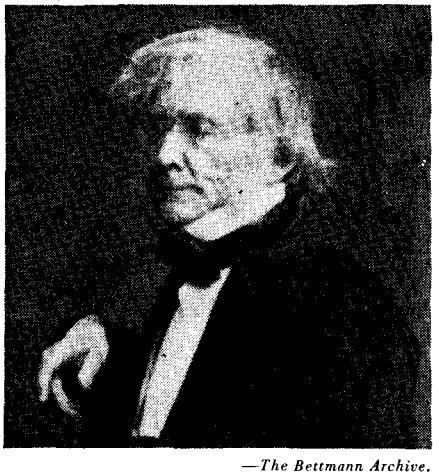
This progressive loss of the adventuresome, nonconforming individual is unfortunate for both the country and for science. Science is founded on facts and can remain dynamic only if these facts are constantly being re-evaluated, challenged, modified. In the final analysis, the health of science hinges on the involvement of men and women endowed with nonconforming, adventuresome minds.

A leading Canadian scientist has stated that "if 5 per cent of the research staff are really first-rate, with imagination and initiative, all is well. Without this 5 per cent very little that is worthwhile will emerge. . . ." The terms *imagination* and *initiative* do not fully denote the makeup of adventuresome, nonconforming, pioneering minds, although those characteristics are no doubt indispensable. Inclusion of the terms *bold, unorthodox*, and *untidy*—the latter being the antithesis of the tidy mind that sees everything in terms of organization charts—would help to complete the picture. Such minds have contributed vigorously to the emergence of Canada as a nation, and to the development in Canada of scientific research that later was pursued elsewhere.

In the early stages of Canada's life as a political organism, much of the country was still being explored. It is probably for this reason that the science of geology received particular attention, and attracted scientists with independence of spirit. For example, there was Sir William Logan (1798-1875), who contributed extensively to our knowledge and nomenclature of pre-Cambrian structures, and who startled American Association for the Advancement of Science members at their 1859 meeting by presenting possible fossil specimens that "violated theory" by being present in Keewatin rocks believed to have been formed long before living things appeared on earth.

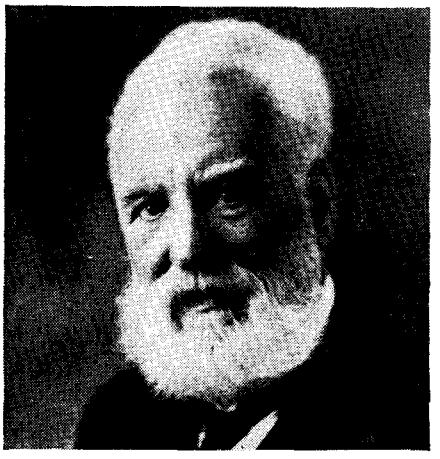
Another explorer even more versatile in his boldness was Sir Sandford Fleming (1827-1915), whose competence as an engineer contributed vastly to the political unification of Canada. The government of the country in those early times was the responsibility of provinces widely separated. A transcontinental railroad that would link the Pacific with the Atlantic was the Province of British Columbia's price for making a Canadian Confederation possible under the British North America Act of 1867. The railroad was finished in 1885, largely because of the courage and stamina of Fleming. A decade before that triumphant date, Fleming had written a scientific paper on the need for the establishment of Standard Time zones (of which Canada has six) and the year before the Canadian Pacific railroad line went into operation he had the satisfaction of seeing this piece of intellectual engineering considered at an International Prime Meridian Conference. Though born in Scotland, and never educated in college, Fleming became so thoroughly Canadian that he was elected Chancellor of Queens University. He often said he didn't understand the honor. He refused to even pretend to conform.

No roster of Canadian greatness would be complete without the name of Sir Charles Saunders (1867-1937). He



—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Sir William E. Logan.



—*Wide World Photos.*

Alexander Graham Bell.

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bred four new strains of wheat that could survive the cold of the prairies. At the time of his death, the London *Express* wrote that "he contributed more to the wealth of his country than any other man." This grand accomplishment, however, came in slavish conformity to the will of his father, a plant geneticist. What saved Saunders as a man for history is that he did what he had to do for his country without abandoning his true love: music. He persisted in singing and playing music even though the inner struggle between his devotion to music and his hatred for his father's science ruined him physically.

SHORTLY after Canada's confederation, Alexander Graham Bell (1847-1922) astounded the world with his invention of the telephone. This practical device was only a logical extension of his lifelong interest in the communication of speech. Both Bell and his father pioneered in techniques for teaching the mechanics of speech to deaf-mutes. These basic forms of instruction are still in use today.

Just as Bell revolutionized the world of communications, Sir William Osler (1849-1919) revolutionized standard hospital practice by allowing fresh air and sunshine into the wards. A lecturer at McGill University, then a staff member at the Montreal General Hospital, Osler left Canada to lecture at the University of Pennsylvania and later took charge of the medical department of newly-built Johns Hopkins. There his fame as initiator of psychosomatic medicine soon became world-wide. To his students, he stressed the necessity for thorough observation of the patient, and he showed that a series of apparently unrelated symptoms could be correlated to give an unshakable diagnosis.

Another keen observer was Frederick Banting (1891-1941), who transformed the simple reading of a scientific article (on the islands of Langerhans in the pancreas) into an entirely new concept for the isolation of up-to-then elusive insulin. For this he shared a Nobel prize.

A contemporary Osler disciple is Wilder Penfield (1891-), an American who later became a Canadian citizen. His work on the nervous system and techniques for neurosurgery have made him world-famous. He is perhaps most renowned for his studies on the compartmentalization of the brain, although he would be the first to admit that this should not compartmentalize one's thinking.

Individuals with unfettered minds can sometimes become embroiled in controversy in nonscientific as well as scientific fields, but this should not obscure the value of their scientific contributions. Dr. Norman Bethune (1890-1939), a prominent Montreal surgeon, gave up his practice and offered his services to the Loyalist cause during the Spanish Civil War. There, he quickly attained world renown for his many innovations in the techniques of field surgery under battle conditions. His love of adventure next led him to China, where he continued to perform surgical miracles for Mao Tse-Tung's eighth army during the Sino-Japanese War. Bethune's dramatic achievements are still revered in today's Red China. His approach was invariably unconventional (whether in surgery or politics), and his self-exposure to infection contributed to his untimely death.

Fortunately, stubborn imaginations still thrive in Canada. One such belongs to Dr. R. J. Uffen. While principal of the University College of Arts and Sciences of the University of Western Ontario, he published speculations on the role that reversals in earth's magnetic field may have played in the evolution of life [*SR*, July 6, 1963]. "I was then an intellectual hobo," he said recently. He is now chairman of the Canadian Defense Research Board in the Department of National Defense at Ottawa, too busy with public duties for the moment to participate in encouragement of the growing acceptance of his theory.

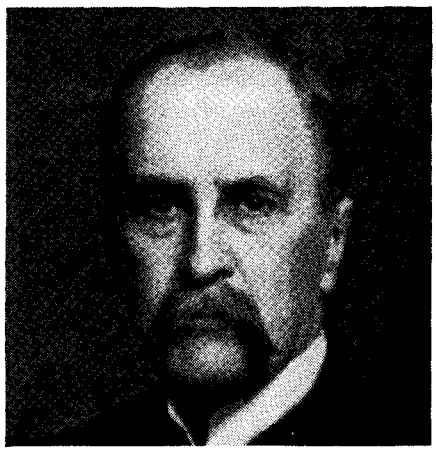
In contrast to Dr. Uffen's experience, recognition came with dramatic suddenness to Dr. Neil Bartlett. For many years, textbooks and professors had taught that certain gases are inert and take no part in chemical reactions. Dr. Bartlett, too, had been taught this "fact." Nevertheless, he studied the reactivity of a rare gas—xenon. And in 1962 he prepared a chemical compound in which xenon reacted with other chemical elements. By so doing he destroyed a previously accepted concept and overthrew a number of existing theories on chemical bonding.

Many other scientists, over the years, must have wondered about the "unreactivity" of the rare gases. But those scientists passively accepted the idea that the rare gases were inert. It required one of the rare minds to challenge and modify the accepted knowledge.

Nonscientists, unaware of the prolonged effort involved in Dr. Bartlett's imaginative departure from orthodoxy, might consider him a one-shot genius. Canada has other men in whom genius flashes repeatedly throughout a lifetime of scientific work.

DR. Hans Selye is such a man. He has pursued his medical research career since 1929, and is still pursuing it. His unremitting efforts to understand the effects of hormones in the animal body have led to a completely new concept of the interaction among external (or internal) stressors and a multiplicity of glands and hormones. He has converted the word *stress* from a mere dictionary concept to medical concept. More recently he has been applying his knowledge of hormones (it fills six volumes in his *Encyclopedia of Endocrinology*) to a system he has developed for putting chemical "address tags" on drugs. Of this system he has said, "We can probably learn how to direct our drugs . . . precisely to any given target in the body."

It would defeat our purpose if we were to restrict our brief catalogue to those



—*Johns Hopkins University.*

Sir William Osler.

—*Wide World Photos.*

Dr. Wilder G. Penfield.

—*Wide World Photos.*

Sir Frederick Banting.

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whose unorthodox views have finally been accepted. George Brock Chisholm obtained an M.D. degree from the University of Toronto in 1924, served an internship in England (specializing in psychiatry), and later studied for two years at Yale University. During a long and useful career he was a soldier, a general practitioner, a psychologist, a Colonel in the active militia, director of personnel selection for the Canadian Army, Deputy Minister of Health, and Secretary of the Interim Committee of the World Health Organization. Yet for all of this success he is almost unknown to many Canadians except as the man who tried to take Santa Claus away from the children.

As a psychologist, Dr. Chisholm has learned that "the childhood of every person remains part of him all his life," and from this he reasons that we must alter the education of our children if mankind is to achieve peace on earth. This will require complete honesty in the education of our children from the cradle on; myths may be taught—Santa included—only if they are clearly identified as myths. It will require that children "begin to learn as thinking human beings—the education that our educational and moral systems have not been designed for, indeed, in some cases the behavior they have been designed to prevent."

"Some so-called universities have not been teaching universal values at all, but only teaching conformity," Dr. Chisholm has said. "Behind every threat to security in the world today is to be found irrational thinking, thinking based on some early learned certainties, on traditional points of view, of early imposed loyalties . . . inherent in a particular culture. . . ."

These viewpoints have not won wide acclaim. We have seen no evidence that they have been accepted, or even given a fair trial, in homes, schools, or universities. Future generations may wonder why we failed to profit from Dr. Chisholm's suggestions, or may find that they are entirely false and valueless. But regardless of their eventual value, these concepts are excellent examples of the activity of a courageous mind.

BY a chance of history, 1966-1967 is the "Cinquantenaire" of the National Research Council of Canada as well as the "Centennaire" of the nation. Because the very structure of NRC Canada is basically a product of a few unfettered minds, this report should pay tribute to both anniversaries. During the fifty years of its existence, NRC Canada has contributed more than any other single organization toward science in Canada, both directly and through its support of research in universities and among industrial concerns. Speaking about NRC Canada in 1959, the late E. W. R. Steacie, then president of NRC, said "we have striven . . . to be as similar to a university laboratory and as unlike a government department as it is possible for us to be and still carry out all of our functions successfully. The result has, I think, been quite successful. We have earned the confidence of the government . . . while maintaining the respect of the universities . . . the respect of industry . . . and the respect of the major research institutions. . . ."

In large measure, the success of NRC Canada has been a direct result of its unusual organization. Pressures caused by World War I made many Canadians, especially the scientists, acutely aware of the lack of scientific capabilities in Canada at that time; the government therefore established a National Advisory Council to encourage research and to promote the use of scientific knowledge by industry. All previous scientific councils of this type had been under the management of nonscientists. The National Advisory Council and its successor (NRC Canada) were allowed to manage their own affairs; they were given complete control of their own funds and of their staff (subject, of course, to the usual legalities of the Canadian parliamentary system.) The idea that scientists could, and indeed should be allowed to manage a scientific institution was revolutionary; in the words of one historian "the idea that a public service spending public funds should deal with their own staff and budget according to their own wisdom, without a single government official to guide and direct them, was a novelty of the first order."

THIS novel, highly successful form of organization has been maintained through the forthright activities of men with independent minds who expressed their opinions with confidence. Unfortunately, the rapid development of science and technology during recent years has made it impossible for the layman to distinguish self-interested, argumentative, or publicity-seeking individuals from those with aggressive minds whose sole purpose is to seek the truth. This difficulty also plagues scientists whose interests lie outside the particular subject being debated. As a result, our society often classifies individuals with unorthodox scientific opinions by such terms as "controversial" and "argumentative" even when their intentions are to correct or caution against mistakes and even though their opinions have been formed with full scientific objectivity. The tragic result at present is that scientists of integrity often refuse to comment openly on controversial subjects; public opinion is then completely molded by well-accredited but less objective scientific colleagues or by less scrupulous and less altruistic individuals. The ultimate result could be complete public skepticism toward and disbelief of scientific pronouncement—a trend that we can observe already in some aspects of public health.

It may be that Canada's relative youth and proximity to the pioneer era will promote individualism for a few more decades. The accessibility of Canada's rugged, uninhabited terrain (even to

—*Wide World Photos.*

Dr. Hans Selye.

—*Wide World Photos.*

Dr. Norman Bethune.

—*Wide World Photos.*

Dr. Brock Chisholm.

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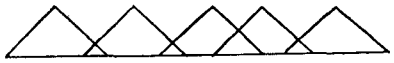
our city-dwellers), and the severe Canadian climate may also help to maintain a reservoir of independent men and women. However, such factors cannot offset completely the trends in our educational system that are depriving young scientists of much of their freedom and thus reducing the possibility that their minds will be independent in mature years.

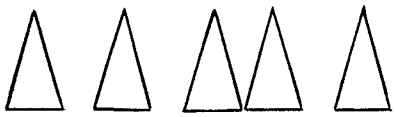
Pre-university schooling is undoubtedly extremely important in this respect. Eric Salzen, of Waterloo University, has stated: ". . . It should be remembered that the student (who is only beginning the rigorous study of chemistry and physics) has limited experience and understanding, and so is frequently compelled to accept many findings and concepts as articles of faith. 'In the beginning was the Molecule. And the Molecule was DNA.'" Many authorities in the field of education reject religious articles of faith, but consider scientific articles of faith "worthy of all acceptation." They apparently fail to realize that faith in the "facts" of science can fasten the mind as securely as religious faiths. Moreover, today's technological society encourages and reinforces faith in science, thus making this faith potentially more damaging than a religious faith might be.

THE rapidly increasing volume of knowledge makes it progressively more difficult for students to avoid early specialization and over-specialization. It is probably reasonable to assume, though difficult to prove, that the concomitant danger of imprisoning original thinking is not directly related to the *total amount* of knowledge ladled out at the university but does increase as the *breadth* of that knowledge decreases.

Professor Alex Heggtveit, of Ottawa University, has recently diagrammed this problem by means of a series of triangles representing the knowledge that advanced students are expected to gain in different scientific disciplines. In past years, the disciplines overlapped to a limited extent, and could be represented in this manner:



Today, students absorb more knowledge (represented by the areas of the triangles) but, nevertheless, must start from a narrower base and penetrate further into specialized fields. The result can be represented this way:



There is now less intercommunication among the specialties, and the broad, firm base for all science is in danger of being broken up and lost.

The above statements are admittedly based on assumptions, and some may consider them entirely unfounded, or at least exaggerated and pessimistic. There is, however, another area of our educational system that needs to be closely examined relative to its effect on the freedom with which our young scientists exercise their minds. Discussion of this area involves no assumptions, yet it is extremely important, for it concerns the control and distribution of much of the money available for research purposes within the universities. During recent years several government departments have been using various grants-in-aid-of-research schemes to channel an increasing proportion of their research funds to the universities. There are a number of reasons for this, including pressure from university staff, but the basic reasons appear to be related to the idea that academic freedom within the universities makes universities excellent places in which to do research, and that research done in the university also contributes to education.

The fallacy in the first assumption could be expressed by stating that university professors *en masse* have sold their academic freedom, or at least their research freedom, for grants-in-aid. Far too frequently, two factors are circumscribing a professor's research freedom. One is that, in many universities, his appointment and his promotions are based on his research ability, not his teaching ability; and his research ability is assessed in part on his ability to get grants. This ability to get grants is theoretically related to his ability to do research (full circle) but is actually dependent, in large measure, on his ability to choose a research program that is attractive to a granting agency.

The second fallacy is that, having obtained grants for two or three years, the professor gathers a staff of students, postdoctorate fellows, and professionals whom he is morally obligated to support. As a result, his research activities become grossly influenced by his need to satisfy the granting agencies. A current program that has won support is rarely abandoned in favor of a more venturesome, unorthodox approach. All too often, new leads are not followed while still "hot" because the support of the granting agency for such a change in his program cannot be presupposed; or, to paraphrase, grants can never be taken for granted. Promising, yet novel, research programs die on the researcher's desk for fear they will be considered "oddball" and detract from his status with the granting agency. Academic freedom, or its most energetic offspring, research freedom, is thus in jeopardy.

THIRTY years ago, it was characteristic of NRC Canada to recognize the inherent restrictions of a project-oriented grant system, and to devise a means of funding researchers of known ability without consideration of their project. This system allows the grant recipient much more freedom than is possible in a project-oriented grant system, but has serious limitations. When Canada's scientific community numbered only a few hundreds, it was possible to select a grants committee whose members were personally acquainted with the ability of each applicant. Today this is impossible, and increasing numbers of grants, especially to young scientists, must be made on a project basis. Growth of the system is thus defeating its original intent.

Other government departments have used only project-support systems, and any attempt by the Science Council of Canada (a body recently created to review and advise on Canadian research efforts and potentials) to increase support for specific fields of research will unavoidably increase project-oriented support efforts.

The basic fallacy in the assumption that grants-in-aid-of-research also support education is that these grants never cover the full cost of the research. In every instance, grants-for-research received by a university have to be supplemented by the university itself; this contribution may be largely in the form of overhead expenses, but nevertheless it is drawn from funds that would otherwise be available for purely academic purposes. Obviously, it is not logical to argue that such grants also support education. Universities that encourage professors to apply for grants must be assumed to have decided, after careful consideration, that this is a worthwhile use of their funds; therefore the granting agencies need not concern themselves with the reasons for the universities' decision. However, it logically follows that, once a university has committed itself to this arrangement, it is not free to withdraw from it. Like the professor who is

DR. DYSON ROSE AND MR. JOHN MARIER are staff members of the National Research Council of Canada but write here as private citizens. They became widely known as nonconformists through publication of their challenge to the research base fluoridation of public drinking water [*SR*, Jan. 4, 1964]. Dr. Rose has since become the first Canadian to be honored by the American Chemical Society award in the chemistry of milk.

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trapped in a given research program by his dependence on grants and his moral responsibility to his staff, the university becomes trapped into support of research in departments whose staff are aggressive grant-seekers, and is unable to transfer this support to other departments, or to interdisciplinary (we suggest that the term *multidisciplinary* would be more accurate) research, even when the need becomes obvious. Thus another aspect of university freedom is being lost.

Earlier in this article, we quoted Dr. Steacie as saying that NRC Canada has "striven to be as similar to a university laboratory . . . as it is possible for us to be. . . ." Fortunately for Canadian science, the university situation that NRC tried to imitate was that of twenty or more years ago, not the one of today in which the desire for research funds has reduced research freedom.

We would like to see some university develop a central research establishment which is nondepartmental (or multidepartmental), is managed by scientists themselves with minimal organization, and is fully funded from sources that are not restrictive in the sense that grants are restrictive. We would also welcome efforts by other universities to try other methods of regaining scientific freedom. We strongly urge that boats be rocked, even at the risk of overturning some; otherwise, Canada may not produce as many free-ranging minds during her second century as she did during her first.

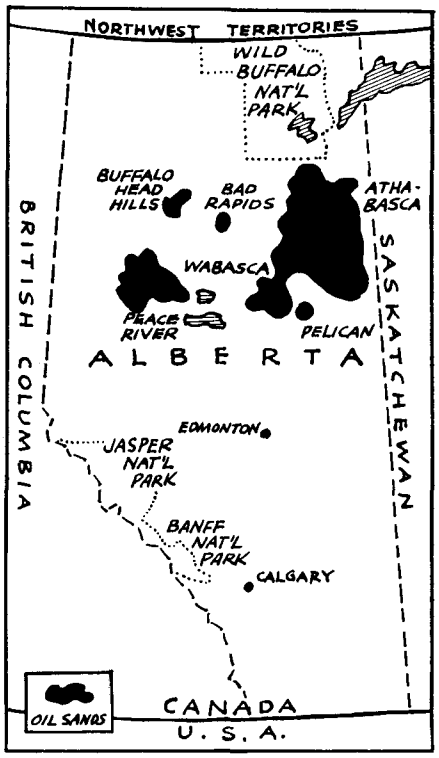
NEW FRONTIER: THE TAR SANDS

ALL THE continents of earth with the possible exception of Antarctica bear in their crusts a certain amount of a sponge-like bituminous rock from which petroleum can be squeezed. Some of the more accessible deposits of this shale have been tapped in time of fuel shortage in Europe and elsewhere. But the greatest single body of the so-called "tar sands"—the Green River formation in Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah—has gone untouched except for experimental projects.

There are 2,000 billion barrels of recoverable oil in the Green River formation, according to conservative estimates: more than five times the known reserves of petroleum everywhere on the planet, enough to fill the fuel needs of the United States for 200 years. Yet present plans do not call for any exploitation of this vast wealth until 1970 at the earliest.

It is a measure of the innovative quality of Canada that the tar sands along the Athabaska River of Alberta Province, in the Canadian West, will begin giving up their oil during the autumn of this year 1967. A completely new town of 500 homes is being built near the old fur-trading center at Ft. McMurray to house the people who will separate the sulfur, the coke, and the sand from the petroleum in the rocks and pour the oil into a 266-mile-long pipeline leading to Edmonton. No one seems daunted by the fact that temperatures thereabouts drop far below zero during a number of months of the year; at least Great Canadian Oil Sands, Ltd., has been willing to invest $250 million in a three-step process recently patented by John A. Bichard of the Imperial Oil Company in the name of Esso Research and Engineering.

In muskeg country dotted with scrub trees, great buckets hanging on ferris-



wheels ten stories tall will gouge the oil shale from the surface of the land in much the same manner as strip-mining of coal is done. Most of the solid 85 per cent of the gummy rock will drop out when the burden of tar is mixed with water, and the remainder (chiefly sulfur and carbon) will be removed by a chemical bath before the final 10 per cent emulsion (freed of the 5 per cent water content of the tar) is broken down.

At first the Province of Alberta will hold the petroleum output to 45,000 barrels a day (from the estimated total of 370 million recoverable) in order to prevent unbalancing of the American oil market. But Japanese industrialists are eager to make a deal that will leave Japan less dependent on the Middle East, and an oil shipping port for Bella Coola in British Columbia is being talked of. —J. L.

First of the Month

Continued from page 4

wall, it is a vast series of beautiful carved, animated, interacted figures and objects—all of which mirror a whole history of village and town life. Think of the most beautiful cuckoo clock you ever saw. This is 10,000 of them.

The Minister of Czechoslovakia was asked how it was that his country should now have, so to speak, "won" at Brussels and again at Montreal. His answer was simple. "We are not a large or important country," he said. "We are not often on the world's front pages. And when we get a chance like this, we do our best."

As for the U.S.S.R., it is still heavy-handed, but it has learned a lot since Brussels. This time we even liked some of its art.

• • •

Finally, we come to the question of the United States Pavilion. In the first place, the building itself, the enormous, open, ball-like structure designed by Buckminster Fuller, is wonderful—probably the best designed building in the whole fair. In the second place, the exhibit on the top floor—the space exhibit—is excellent and far overshadows the Russian effort in the same direction next door. In the third place, however, and here we have hard news, the rest of the exhibit—topped off by huge photograph after photograph of Brando, Bogart, Garbo, Swanson, Harlow, Hepburn, Bergman, etc., etc. (all, we presume, molders of the American dream)—is so ridiculous it is embarrassing.

Here is, in order, what you see. You see some Indian beads and quilts. Then you see some wooden sitting ducks. Then you see some folk and rock singers' instruments. Then you see the illegibly scrawled signatures of folk and rock singers. Then you see cowboy boots and saddles. Then you see a large collection of Raggedy Ann dolls. Then you see a wallful of political cartoons and slogans. Then you see a large selection of hats—everything from war helmets to baseball caps to businessmen's fedoras. Then you see an exhibit of old-fashioned miniature farm implements.

You've got it so far? Quilts, sitting ducks, folk 'n' rock, cowboys, dolls, cartoons and slogans, hats and farm implements. Well, now you're ready for the real stuff—and we jest. And what is this? Well, it is wall after wall of modern art—Pop, Op, and out. All high camp, of course, and featuring everything from an ancient taxicab to wallfuls of Andy Warhol—together with a sign which states firmly: ALL THE WORK SHOWN WAS COMPLETED WITHIN THE PAST YEAR.

It was, for our money, the least necessary sign at the fair.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1743

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Author of "Young Goodman Brown" and "The Great Stone Face".	184 29 15 158 104 109 194 22 131
B. Eagerly (for rank, fame, or power.)	3 177 9 152 189 94 2 161 205 30 136
C. Kind of trousers.	55 10 170 193 151
D. Rope fastened near the middle of the perpendicular edge of a square sail.	86 209 167 165 187 57 199
E. Cut.	25 58 16 197
F. Followed by words K and N; slightly bawdy song very popular among G.I.'s of W.W. II.	13 5 162 210
G. Drudge.	171 89 146 46 1
H. Race common in running, swimming, or skating. (comp.)	103 114 201 28 69 80 17 110 11
I. Genus of woody plants with pinnate leaves and white or yellow flower clusters.	49 206 56 202 21 156
J. After Saint; district in London where Mme. Tussand's is located.	135 100 34 67 117 90 178 107 192 169
K. See word F. (2 wds.)	175 185 27 36 91 180
L. Breaking up into constituent elements.	37 7 44 96 166 118 64 53
M. What one "wouldn't put out on a dog like this" in the old joke.	54 196 120 12 24 38
N. See word F. (3 wds.)	35 60 23 119 176 138 200 14 153 132 164
O. Coats are of this in the well-known sea chanty. (2 wds.)	41 68 186 85 51 204 6 179
P. One who preys upon the dead.	18 76 191 19 66
Q. Kind of medical practitioner.	40 95 88 72 208 20 52 183 198
R. Dandified.	74 59 155 145 78 124 168
S. Quarrel.	150 98 108 122 123 4
T. The most typical representative.	81 149 48 133 75 99 128 144 188 101 160 112
U. Inaugurated. (2 wds.)	82 137 93 154 71 77 63 159 79
V. Gum resin formerly used in medicine as an antispasmodic.	70 148 143 182 42 87 106 39 102 116
W. Game for which a spoon is among the equipment.	8 73 140 43
X. Relating to what is conceived of as transcendent.	65 115 26 105 33 111 62 47 125 190 172 141
Y. Craftiness of subtlety, usually after "fine". (2 wds.)	83 129 139 61 97 195 127 207 163 45 31
Z. A fine smooth hygroscopic textile fiber.	147 126 173 181 50
Z_1. Vessels of low-fired clay.	121 174 157 84 130 134 92 142 203 113 32

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

							1 G	2 B		3 B		4 S	5 F	6 O	7 L	8 W	
9 B	10 C	11 H		12 M	13 F	14 N	15 A	16 E	17 H	18 P		19 P	20 Q		21 I	22 A	
23 N	24 M	25 E		26 X	27 K	28 H	29 A	30 B		31 Y	32 Z_1	33 X	34 J	35 N	36 K	37 L	38 M
39 V	40 Q	41 O		42 V	43 W		44 L	45 Y		46 G	47 X	48 T	49 I	50 Z		51 O	52 Q
53 L	54 M	–	55 C	56 I	57 D	58 E		59 R	60 N	61 Y	62 X		63 U	64 L	65 X	66 P	67 J
	68 O	69 H	70 V	71 U	72 Q		73 W	74 R		75 T	76 P	77 U		78 R	79 U	80 H	81 T
82 U	83 Y	84 Z_1	85 O		86 D	87 V	88 Q	89 G	90 J	91 K	92 Z_1		93 U	94 B	95 Q		96 L
97 Y	98 S	99 T		100 J	101 T	102 V		103 H	104 A	105 X	106 V		107 J	108 S		109 A	110 H
111 X	112 T	113 Z_1		114 H	115 X	116 V	117 J	118 L	119 N	120 M	121 Z_1	122 S		123 S	124 R	125 X	126 Z
127 Y	128 T		129 Y	130 Z_1	131 A		132 N	133 T	134 Z_1	135 J	136 B	137 U		138 N	139 Y	140 W	141 X
	142 Z_1	143 V	144 T		145 R	146 G	147 Z	148 V	149 T	150 S	151 C	152 B	153 N	154 U		155 R	156 I
157 Z_1	158 A	159 U	160 T	161 B	162 F	163 Y	164 N	165 D	166 L		167 D	168 R	169 J	170 C		171 G	172 X
173 Z		174 Z_1		175 K	176 N	177 B	178 J	179 O	180 K		181 Z	182 V		183 Q	184 A	185 K	
186 O	187 D	188 T	189 B	190 X	191 P	192 J	193 C		194 A	195 Y	196 M		197 E	198 Q	199 D		200 N
201 H	202 I	203 Z_1	204 O		205 B	206 I	207 Y	208 Q	209 D	210 F							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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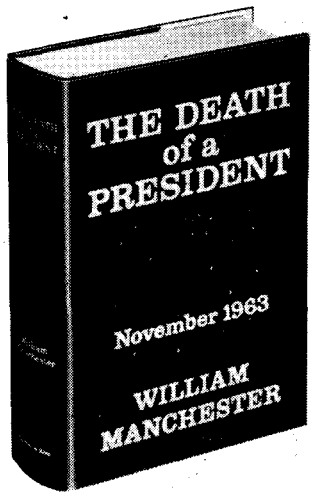

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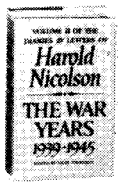

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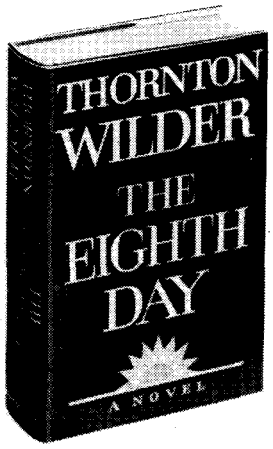

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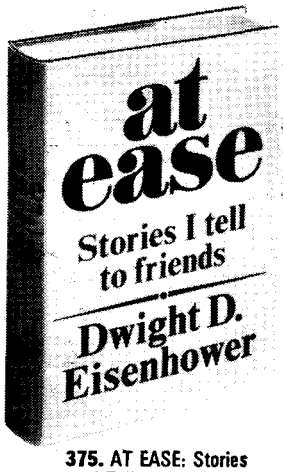

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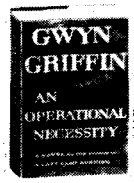

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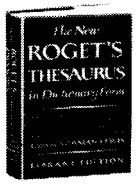

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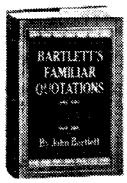

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